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**ART. I.—Canada; or a View of the Importance of the British American Colonies; shewing their extensive and improveable resources: and pointing out the great and unprecedented advantages which have been allowed to the Americans over our own colonists, together with the great Sacrifices which have been made by our late Commercial Regulations of the Commerce, and carrying trade of Great Britain to the United States: also exhibiting the points necessary to be kept in view, for the future encouragement of British Shipping, and for the protection and support of the Commercial Interests of Great Britain and her North American Colonies. Addressed to the Right Hon. George Rose, &c. &c. &c. By David Anderson. Octavo, Pp. 355, 10s. 6d. Richardson, 1814.**

UNLIKE the modern knight errant, who harlequinned in and out of a country with pantomimic agility, and, then published his mummeries under the mask of 'TRAVELLED RESEARCHES;' our author, unfashionably skilled in foolery, has contented himself with exploring, by successive years of persevering study, the useful objects of this work.

The Canadas are not only the seat of our deplored warfare with America, but they are the object of contention, on which James Madison has fondly rivetted his gloating eyes; and he vainly dreams to pick his *tid-bit* in the *otium cum dignitate* of a retired conqueror.

The importance of the Canadas to the British govern-  
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ment is abounding; and when that peace, to which we all look forward with unceasing anxiety, shall be, hereafter, ratified; we await, from the wisdom of our ministers, a mutual confirmation of the interests of the North American colonists and the British ship owners.

From a country, rich in its internal resources, and improveable as rich, we have much to hope; indeed much to expect. A comprehension, therefore, of those resources, so essential to our commercial interests, and so critically important at a moment of almost pending negotiation, cannot fail to enlighten and to gratify our national views.

Independently, however, of the positive value which attaches to our North American colonies, by far the most valuable of our colonial possessions, we have to consider and to appreciate the patriotic claims of our loyal brethren, who scarcely partake from the mother country, any portion of that fostering protection, which has been lavished by our liberality and our magnanimity, throughout suffering Europe.

And, that we may be the more independently prepared at the hour of pacific negotiation, to estimate and to confirm these rights, let ministers no longer doubt, but act. Let our North American brethren assert their claims at the head of a memorable army; and no longer be exposed to their own confined but heroic efforts, in opposing a crafty and an inveterate foe.

We will consider our North American possessions in a political point of view. *First*, as they rank foremost in our colonial establishments. *Secondly*, as to their positive value. *Thirdly*, as to their growing importance; and as they affect our commercial prosperity, and augment our maritime power.

Ist. Why they rank foremost in our colonial establishments.

On this head, we will take a slight sketch from our author, on the quality of their soil—of their climate—of their inhabitants—and of their agriculture.

‘*SOIL*.—From the river Little Metis, which is about two hundred miles below, upwards to St. Ann’s which is about sixty-five miles above Quebec, the country, although not mountainous, (except upon the north side of St. Laurence below Quebec,) nevertheless forms a very uneven and irregular surface.

'The kinds, of which the soil consist, are of great variety; being in some parts a very light sandy soil upon a sandy or gravelly bottom; and in other parts a strong clay, with almost all the variety of gradations which are to be found between these two extremes. There is, however, a much larger proportion of the very heavy sort than of the very light: indeed, throughout this tract of country, which is an extent of about *two hundred and sixty-five miles* upon the banks of the St. Laurence, the soil, with respect to kind, consists generally of a strong loam upon a sub-soil of red clay or till.

'With regard to quality; supposing the soil arranged into four distinct rates, there is not much of the best or first rate; neither is there much of the worst or fourth rate; the average may be considered to be about a *medium between the second and third rate qualities.*

'From St. Ann's, upwards, to the border of Upper Canada, which is about sixty miles above Montreal, being a length of about one hundred and seventy-five miles upon both sides of the St. Laurence; and from the border of Lower Canada, upwards, to the extremity of the settlements of the upper province at Detroit, being an extent of about five hundred and fifty miles upon the north banks of the St. Laurence and the lakes, makes, from St. Ann's upwards, a length of about *seven hundred and twenty-five miles* of a beautiful and level country. The general characteristics of the face of the country, throughout this vast extent, afford but little diversity in point of appearance. The kinds of soil, however, consist of considerable variety: but that which mostly prevails is a strong deep loam, which in many parts consists of a mixture of rich blue clay and friable earth: this is a kind of soil, which, in whatever country it is found, generally constitutes that of the best quality.

'A large proportion of this vast extent of country is of the *first rate quality*, and the average of the whole may be said to be *excellent.*....

'**CLIMATE.**—The climate of any particular country ought to be estimated in proportion to the healthy, agreeable, and fertilizing properties, which it possesses: the climate of Upper and Lower Canada enjoys these advantages in an eminent degree.

'The summer, indeed, is extremely hot; but, as the atmosphere is remarkably clear and pure, the heat is therefore not so oppressive as in climates where the air is more close and sultry.

'The winter is intensely cold: but, as the frost continues without intermission during winter, and generally with a clear sky and a fine dry air, it is hereby rendered both healthy and pleasant; the cold being infinitely less penetrating than in moist climates.

'Foggy weather is very little experienced so far up the country as Montreal; or, indeed, much farther up than Quebec, and there

only occasionally in spring. But down the river, particularly towards its mouth, easterly winds are invariably attended with thick fogs.

'The spring sets in with a clear sky, and the air generally continues frosty until the snow is quite gone. The snow is, therefore, principally carried off by the rays of the sun; for it is but seldom that natural thaws are much experienced, until the snow is completely carried off. Rain seldom continues long at a time, in the spring; except in the mountainous districts. The spring in Lower Canada sets in earlier or later, in any particular place, as it is higher or lower upon the River St. Laurence; and this, even in the same parallel of latitude, being earlier as the country extends to the westward.....

'Hoar frost but seldom occurs in spring, which is a circumstance very favourable to every species of the earlier green crops, such as hemp, flax, peas, early potatoes, and a variety of others.

'During the summer season, and also the fall, rain or thick weather seldom continues more than two or three days together; not often, indeed, more than one day at a time: a most material circumstance in favour of making clean summer-fallow; raising fallow-crops; making hay; and performing the necessary operations in the management of hemp; as well as other agricultural avocations.....

'**INHABITANTS.**—The population of the Canadas is composed of the descendants of the French colonists, who inhabited Canada at the conquest, and emigrants from the mother-country and the United States; perhaps the descendants of the French colonists constitute three-fourths or four-fifths of the whole population.

'As no census has been taken since the year 1783, it becomes impossible to state accurately what the population at present is.

'Mr. Harriot, in his history of Canada, computes the population of the lower province at 250,000, and that of the upper province at 80,000, in 1808; this computation I am inclined to think, from the opinions which I have heard upon the subject, is rather under than over-rated.

'However, taking this statement of Mr. Harriot's as a true estimate of the population in 1808, and with the ordinary increase amongst the inhabitants, and also taking into account the extraordinary influx of settlers from the United States, occasioned by Mr. Jefferson's embargo and other measures of the American government, between the year 1808 and the breaking out of hostilities between the two countries, I think we may now reasonably compute the population of Upper and Lower Canada at 375,000, of which the lower province may contain about 275,000.

'With regard to the respective characters of each of the three divisions or classes of people, composing the population of these provinces, and in the first place respecting the descendants of the French colonists, it may be observed, that they are honest and



upright in their reciprocal dealings to a degree scarcely any where to be met with where so much ignorance prevails, or indeed perhaps any where;—sociable and polite in their manners; and as far as regards economy, they are sensible, ingenious, and industrious.

'It is very uncommon and extraordinary that these characteristics, and an almost total want of education, should exist together; and this circumstance shews what the people might be if they enjoyed the benefit of education.

'The British and Americans may rank together in point of industry and economy; and, from the advantages which they enjoy from education are superior to the descendants of the French colonists in point of enterprise.'

We cannot speak of the inhabitants of this country, without some remark on their political situation.

It is notorious, that during the late American War, the descendants of the French colonists (inhabitants at the time of the conquest) manifested their loyalty and attachment to the mother-country with an honorably persevering zeal; and these sentiments, so far from being weakened by time and circumstances, have acquired increase of firmness; nor has religion forbidden their loyalty: as, on many occasions, the Roman Catholics have flocked round the standard of patriotism, erected by their priests, and have bled—died!—in defence of our rights and interests. Indeed, the actually passing events of these provinces confirm the fidelity of the Canadians, and entitle their energies to our warmest and best support.

Secondly. Their positive value.

To establish this point we refer to their population.... the extent of their cleared lands....their produce....and their exports.

'In 1783, according to the census then taken, by order of government, the population was stated to have been 113,011; the quantity of land under cultivation 1,569,818 acres, and the quantity of seed sown 388,349 bushels. Allowing two bushels and a half of seed, per acre, there must have, therefore, been at that time 153,339 acres under grain.

'Notwithstanding the amount of the population is computed at 375,000, in estimating the quantity of land under cultivation I shall take it at only 360,000. According to the above statement, the relative proportions of cleared land, of seed sown, and of acres under grain, to 360,000 inhabitants, is 5,002,428 acres of cleared land, 1,221,159 bushels of seed sown, and 488,463 acres under grain.'

Our author treats on the cultivation of wheat, barley, flax, hemp, &c. and, generally, upon all objects, and process, of agriculture. The exports will appear in the appendix.

Thirdly. Their growing importance.

These capabilities we shall exhibit in a two-fold view. That of our maritime and of our commercial interests. We will shew their importance in the produce of timber, flour, bread, grain, provisions, &c.

‘Regarding the important resources of the British North American provinces, it may not be improper to make a few observations concerning the qualities of the lumber exported from these colonies, the carriage of that article being, of all others, of the greatest importance to our shipping.

‘OAK TIMBER.—This article is only exported from the Canadas; there being none produced in the lower provinces fit for exportation.

‘Quebec oak consists of two kinds, which are WHITE and RED; the white is only exported, the red not being considered merchantable.

‘The merchantable size is 12 inches and upwards on the side; and 20 feet long, and upwards. There is not much brought to market under 12 inches; the general size is from 13 to 16 inches square, and from 30 to 40 feet long. In some few instances, however, a few pieces may be found to square even from 16 to 30 inches; and some sticks, perhaps, to run the length of 60 feet.

‘The quality of Quebec white oak is considered superior to any which we import from any other part of America, or even from Europe. This may be proved by inspecting the prices current at those ports, wherein all the variety of qualities we import are to be found.

‘Before oak can be exported from Canada, it must be inspected by a person, appointed by government, for that purpose, and stamped as merchantable. That which is rejected as unmerchantable is not allowed to be exported.

‘The faults for which it is considered unmerchantable are, its being red oak, under 20 feet long,—under 12 inches upon the side,—having unsound knots,—being crooked or ill-squared,—and its being ringed, which last is the most general and the greatest of all faults.

‘Ringed timber is that which has begun to rot or decay in the heat. When this disease has but just commenced, it requires a good judge to discover the defect, which, in a circular manner, appears, by shewing a small shade of difference in the colour.

‘From this variety of the quality of oak in the Quebec market, a proportionate variety of prices are produced; the unsound, perhaps,

selling at 6d. per foot, and the best at 2s. 6d. Hence is the difference of the quality and character of Quebec-built ships most satisfactorily accounted for; being built of timber which differs 400 per cent. in price; their quality must of necessity differ materially, and, therefore, no wonder that opinions the most opposite, concerning their durability, may be formed by those unacquainted with this circumstance.

'The quality of Quebec oak, compared with English and the American oak, may be judged of by the price it bears in the London and Liverpool markets. In London its price is generally a medium between that of the best and that of the worst quality of English oak,—maintaining a price about 20 to 30 per cent. higher than the worst, and about the like proportion under the best; and, in Liverpool, it will be found to have commanded for a number of years past, a price about 20 per cent. higher than that imported from America.

'The quantity of oak timber exported from Quebec.

In 1804 was 2,626 loads  
In 1806 --- 5,452  
In 1810 --- 22,532

'PINE-TIMBER.—There are two kinds of pine or fir timber exported from British North-America, viz. RED and YELLOW. There is none of what is properly termed white pine exported from these provinces.

'At the port of Quebec, as well as in the other ports of the St. Laurence, pine-timber, as well as oak, must be inspected, and found merchantable before it can be exported.

'Neither red nor yellow pine is merchantable under 12 inches on the side, nor under 20 feet long.

'Yellow pine runs from 14 to 22 inches on the side, and, in some instances, even to 30, and from 30 to 45 feet in length: it may be had, however, 50 to 60 feet long, and upwards. It is generally perfectly straight, and remarkably free from knots. Indeed, many sticks, and even whole lots, are to be found without even a single knot; this is to be accounted for by the extraordinary length of the timber of the Canadian forests in general. When the trees are felled, they must be greatly reduced in length, that they may be the more conveniently hauled to the rivers which are to float them to market; a large proportion of the top part, with all the knots, is consequently cut off.

'RED PINE was little known in Canada before the year 1808, when there was a small quantity exported. In 1809, the quantity shipped was very considerable; indeed, as soon as it was particularly inquired after, it was furnished in abundance. Quebec and other American red pine for strength and durability, is equal to any which we import from any other country whatever.

\* The quantity of pine-timber exported from Quebec.

In 1804 was 1,012 loads.

In 1806 ---- 2,761

In 1810 ---- 69,271

\* **MASTS.**—Government have been for some years past principally supplied with masts from our American provinces. These colonies furnish masts of the largest dimensions, even to 35 inches. The proportionate dimensions of masts are three feet in length to every inch in diameter, at the partners, with the addition of nine feet. A thirty 35-inch mast is, therefore, 114 feet long, which is about the greatest length wanted in the Royal Navy. Yellow-pine-masts, of the largest dimensions, are to be had in the greatest abundance; but of red pine there are few to be found above 20 or 21 inches.

\* The number of masts and bowsprits exported from Quebec,

In 1804 was 115 pieces.

In 1806 ---- 354

In 1810 -- 7,655

\* **DEALS.**—The deals (or pine plank, as they are technically termed in Canada) which are exported from that country, run generally from 2 to 3½ inches thick, 7 to 11 broad, and 12 feet long. They are not reckoned by any particular standard, but are sold by the thousand superficial feet, of their respective thicknesses, reckoning 1200 to the thousand.

Pursuing the subject with luminous skill, our author proceeds to shew,

‘ that these colonies are capable of supplying the most extensive demand which the mother country, and all the other colonies, which she possesses, can afford for timber. That, if their resources are encouraged to flow in their proper channel, they are adequate to supply our West Indian settlements with flour, provisions, &c. And, that it only requires, a little well directed attention to render them capable of supplying the mother country with hemp and flax.’

These are grand considerations of national import, and call aloud for a calm, yet spirited review, of the enormous sacrifice of our shipping and commerce to the United States, occasioned by the great and unjust advantage allowed them over our American colonists. As well as all the minor causes of discouragement which the interests of our loyal brethren have suffered, and still continue to experience.

These points: being fully understood, it remains with us to draw general conclusions on these national advantages. We have seen the capabilities of our North American colo-

nies to supply our West India colonies with provisions, and the mother country with timber, hemp, flax, &c. Let us, now, see how far such important benefits entitle the inhabitants to share, at least, in the general protection we afford to our other colonies

Need we recal attention to our original war with America? If we do, how painfully will memory record the invited disasters of that epoch! And how invited? by our contempt of the energies of our own race. By slighting the powers of a people naturally gifted with ourselves: and by the tardy, and inadequate resources we gave to our arms

Let the fatality of this lesson, therefore, now serve us as an awful monitor. Instead of a handful of troops, let a respectable force proclaim our rights, and silence our opponents. Let us not send our men to slaughter, but to victory: and instead of sustaining, a second time, humiliation from a contemned enemy, let us emulate the *veni, vidi, vici* of Cæsar, or, not to go so far back in history, let us remember the promptitude and decision with which Bonaparte achieved his conquests.

‘The danger of the Canadas consists chiefly in their small population being disposed along an immense extent of the frontier of a populous hostile country.—Their safety consists, in the first place, in the combined circumstances of the river *St. Laurence*, and the strong garrison of *Quebec* being the key to the country, and of our fleets being able to command the navigation of the *St. Laurence*; in the second place, in the loyalty of their inhabitants, and the firm attachment of the *Indians* to the *British* interest; and in the third place, in the aid of a *British* army.

‘With respect to the first of these defensive properties, viz. the strength of the garrison of *Quebec*, and the power which we possess of commanding the navigation of the river *St. Laurence*, it may be observed, that, although these are certainly valuable properties, yet, unattended by the other two, they would be found comparatively of little avail. For, were the Americans in possession of the country, and the Canadians indifferent to our interests, and we in possession of the river *St. Laurence*, notwithstanding that that river is, and necessarily must be, the channel of commerce to the extensive country upon its waters; yet we should, in that case, be only so far in possession of the Canadas, by merely holding the *St. Laurence*, as we should be in possession of the Russian empire, by having the command of the mouths of the *Baltic* and *Black Sea*.

‘The command which the possession of the garrison of *Quebec* and the river *St. Laurence* has over the Canadas are valuable advantages, and certainly of vast importance: but they are only to the pos-



session of the Canadas, as the capital is to the kingdom, or as the citadel to the city. In the defence of the country, they are strong and important positions ; but to rest the safety of our possession of the country, in any considerable degree, upon them, would be little better than voluntarily resigning it to the enemy.

‘ Our government, however, must have trusted the safety of those provinces principally to these circumstances, otherwise they would have been more prompt in furnishing the means of defending them at the commencement of hostilities, and, at this moment, would have had a much greater force in that country.’

This discussion is followed by a view of our alliance with the Indian States....the firm attachment of those people....and the advantages to result therefrom.

Respecting the impolicy of suffering the Americans to take possession of Louisiana, much might be said ; but it is far better said by that modern Machiavel, the subtle Talleyrand, in a pamphlet he wrote, during the consulship of Bonaparte. His opinion is decided. He calls this fertile tract of country, ‘ the banks of the Nile of America.’

Interesting extracts are given in this volume. But our government does not boast the prophetic vision of a Talleyrand. And that territory which the political Frenchman viewed not only as a valuable acquisition in point of produce, but, in point of tactics, our liberal government, half asleep and half awake, permitted, in their lethargy, to be possessed by the United States, in trust for Bonaparte ; thereby tacitly authorising a confederated force to wring the Canadas from our possession.

And what would such an acquisition prove to the United States ? Nothing less than this....it would invest them with permanent facilities to become a fearful maritime power !

In proportion, therefore, independently of all other reasoning, as the Canadas would become valuable to the United States, the Canadas become invaluable to Great Britain. We must not continue to risk these almost unprotected treasures to the grasp of our enemy. We must not sow disaffection and distrust in the minds of our almost deserted brethren. We must not metamorphose, by neglect, their patriotic enthusiasm, into a disloyal indifference for our interests ; nor must we repay with ingratitude their staunch efforts of persevering attachment.

According to our author, the United States, in the short period of twenty years, has doubled its population ; which, at this moment, amounts to nearly 8,000,000 of

souls. They have increased their exports from 16,000,000 to 118,000,000 of dollars ; their shipping from 939,000 to 1,911,250 tons ; and, before they had either embodied an army, or fitted out a navy, they, by the superior artifices of negotiation, nearly doubled their territory, and trebled their maritime resources.

And all these evils are manifest in our granting them permission to fish upon our American coast....their possession of Louisiana....and the general sacrifice of our maritime laws from the date of American independence to subsequent hostilities with this country. Of Louisiana, our author says,

‘ The inhabitants of this extensive, populous, and fertile country, hated the Americans, and would have been glad to have been placed under our protection. Our government, however, tamely looked on, whilst the United States took possession of this fine country in trust for Bonaparte ; being the first step of a project concerted between the American government and this Corsican tyrant, for wresting the Canadas from us.

‘ Passing over, however, all former transactions, now is the time to rectify at once all former mistakes, by taking immediate possession of this desirable country. Its own intrinsic value renders it infinitely more than equal to balance every expence of such an undertaking, even were the cost more than ten times the amount which probability may indicate.

‘ Its value to us is greatly enhanced by its contiguity to our West Indian possessions,—by the favourable disposition of the people towards us,—by its being the key to the rich and fertile plains upon the rivers Mississippi and Ohio,—by the door which it would open to the introduction of our manufactures into one of the most populous and richest of all the Spanish colonies, (Mexico,)—and by the command it would give us over the United States.

‘ The possession of this territory would be, to use Talleyrand’s expression, ‘ a rein by which the fury of the States, may be held at ‘ pleasure.’ The Indians to the northward, being already devoted to our interest, the possession of this country would place the Indian force of almost the whole continent of North America at our disposal.—Thus should we be enabled, at all times, to keep the United States in check, almost without the aid of British troops.

‘ In a commercial point of view, the acquisition of this territory would be of immense importance. It would, at all times, secure to us an opportunity of supplying the southern and western parts of the United States with our manufactures. And the Canadas, also, affording us the like privilege upon her northern frontier, we should thereby have at all times, secured to us a door of ready access to one of the most valuable fields of British commerce.

'The possession of all these colonies would render the whole border of the United States a permanent channel, which the American government never could prevent from being the means of vending our manufactures throughout the interior of her country, even whatever her disposition might be in this respect.

'The produce of Louisiana is lumber, wheat, rice, Indian corn, provisions, cotton, indigo, tobacco, &c.

'These articles are of great importance, both to our West-India islands, and the mother-country. The carriage of the produce of that country would also be of great importance to our shipping-interest: the additional employment it would afford our ships would be immense.

'In fact, such an acquisition would be advantageous to all parties; to the mother-country, by opening a new and extensive market for her manufacture,—by securing to her an immense augmentation to the employ of her shipping, besides insuring her, both in peace and in war, an abundant supply of several articles of the greatest importance.—The possession of this territory would not only secure to our West-Indian possessions an abundant and regular supply of every article of American produce; but, in time of war, would, in many respects, prove a protection and defence to them.

'And, what is most important, the many advantages which the inhabitants of Louisiana would derive from our being in the possession of it, would undoubtedly secure their firm attachment to our interest. The act of our taking possession would be the immediate remission of many heavy duties to which they are now liable, and the immediate opening of a market for their produce; while the produce of the United States would continue blockaded in their ports. There is no doubt but that these advantages, coupled with the hatred which the inhabitants of that country bear to the Americans, would render its possession at once secure.'

The volume closes with an appendix of exports, of produce and manufacture of Upper and Lower Canada.

No. 1. From Quebec 1803—1812.

No. 2. Estimates of tonnage, and value of exports from Quebec in 1806—1910—respectively. This table describes the rapid increase of the Canadian exports.

No. 3. British duties, and countervailing duties; the enormous advantages allowed America in both.

No. 4. American duties, and countervailing duties.—Her countervailing duties exceed ours no less than the enormous amount of 3,300 per cent.

No. 5. High price of British ships, &c.

No. 6. Intercourse between our West India settlements and the United States.

No. 7. Number of merchant ships, with the amount of their tonnage, annually built in Great Britain, for the last

25 years, with an estimate of the quantity of oak timber used in the united kingdom, for maritime purposes.

No. 8. Statement of the rapid increase of the employment which British ships have lately received from our American provinces.

No. 9. Extensive improveable resources of British America, exhibited by a comparative statement of the amount of tonnage cleared out from the ports of these colonies, and the United States respectively.

No. 10. Importance of British America, exhibited by a comparative statement of the imports which Great Britain has received from these provinces, and the United States, respectively.

No. 11. Great and rapidly encreasing demand from British America for British manufactures, exhibited by a comparative statement of the value of our exports to the United States, and to our American colonies respectively.

No. 12. British imports from 1804—1813.

No. 13. British exports from 1804—1813.

No. 14. American shipping.

No. 15. Gross amount of the tonnage of British merchant shipping.

No. 16. Shipping, annually, entered inwards.

No. 17. Shipping, annually, cleared outwards.

No. 18. Amount of fish exported from the British colonies in North America in the years 1805—1808.

Such is the object of our author's patriotic labours, and his reasonings are so plain, his deductions so evident, his information so extensive, that we think he will be always read with pleasure, and, generally with conviction.

Our review, however, has been limited to a political consideration of the Canadas, as they affect our national interests. Let us, before we close, make some remarks upon the picturesque scenery with which this country abounds.

'The river Montmorenci, which empties itself into the Saint Lawrence, at the distance of eight miles to the north-east of Quebec, was called after a mareschal of that name, who was viceroy of New France. Passing through a course from the north-east, of considerable length, the first settlement through which it flows is called La Motte, situated on the northern extremity of a sloping ground, which gradually descends from the mountains, to the coast of the great river. At La Motte, the waters diffuse them-

selves into shallow currents, interrupted by rocks, which break them into foam, accompanied by murmuring sounds, tending to enliven the solitude and solemn stillness, which prevail throughout the surrounding forests, and on the desolate hills. The channel of the river, farther down, is bounded by precipitous rocks, its breadth becomes extremely contracted, and the rapidity of its current is proportionably augmented. At a place called the *natural steps*, there are cascades of the height of ten, or twelve feet. These steps have been gradually formed, by the accession of waters which the river receives in its progress, at the breaking up of winter, and by the melting of snows. From the middle of April to the end of May, its waters roll along with an increasing height and rapidity. The banks, from the natural steps, downwards to the Saint Lawrence, are composed of a lime slate, placed in horizontal strata, from the depth of five to twenty-four inches each, connected by fibrous gypsum of a whitish colour. The waters, at the season already mentioned, powerfully impelled in their course, insinuate themselves between the strata, dissolve the gypsum, and tear the horizontal rock, which gives way, in fragments of various sizes, yielding to the rushing violence of the sweeping torrent. The regularity displayed in the formation of some of those steps, is well deserving of observation.

‘ On the east side, the bank is almost perpendicular, is nearly fifty feet in altitude, and is covered at the summit, with trees. The south-west bank, rises beyond the steps; in looking downwards it appears also wooded, and terminates in a precipice. The bank, on the opposite side, assumes a regularity of shape so singular, as to resemble the ruins of a lofty wall. Somewhat below the banks, on each side, are clothed with trees, which, together with the effect produced by the foaming currents, and the scattered masses of stone, compose a scene wild and picturesque. From hence, taking a south direction, the stream is augmented in velocity, and forms a cascade interrupted by huge rocks; and at a distance farther down, of five hundred yards, a similar effect is produced. After thus exhibiting a grateful variety throughout its course, the river is precipitated in an almost perpendicular direction, over a rock of the height of two hundred and forty-six feet, falling where it touches the rock, in white clouds of rolling foam, and underneath where it is propelled with unin-



errupted gravitation, in numerous flakes, like wool or cotton, which are gradually protracted in their descent, until they are received into the boiling, profound abyss below.

'Viewed from the summit of the cliff, from whence they are thrown, the waters, with every concomitant circumstance, produce an effect awfully grand, and wonderfully sublime. The prodigious depth of their descent, the brightness and volubility of their course, the swiftness of their movement through the air, and the loud and hollow noise emitted from the basin, swelling with incessant agitation from the weight of the dashing waters, forcibly combine to attract the attention, and to impress with sentiments of grandeur and elevation, the mind of the spectator. The clouds of vapours, arising, and assuming the prismatic colours, contribute to enliven the scene. They fly off in the form of a revolving sphere, emitting with velocity, pointed flakes of spray, which spread in receding, until intercepted by neighbouring banks, or dissolved in the atmosphere.

'The breadth of the fall is one hundred feet. The basin is bounded by steep cliffs, composed of grey lime slate, lying in inclined strata, which on the east and west sides, are subdivided into innumerable thin shivers, forming with the horizon, an angle of forty-five degrees, and containing between them, fibrous gypsum and *pierre à calumet*.\* Mouldering incessantly, by exposure to the air, and to the action of the weather, no surface for vegetation remains upon these substances.

'An advantageous view of the fall may be obtained from the beach, when the tide of the great river is low. In this are included, the east bank of the river, the point of Ange Gardien, and Cape Tourment. The south-west point of the basin, becomes the nearest object, beyond which appears the cataract of resplendent beauty, foaming down the gloomy precipice, whose summits are crowned with woods. Its reflection from the bed beneath, forms a contrast to the shades thrown by the neighbouring cliffs. The diffusion of the stream, to a breadth of five hundred yards, with the various small cascades produced by the inequalities in its rocky bed, on its way to the Saint Laurence, display a singular and pleasing combination. It runs for about four hundred yards, through a wide and steep gulph,

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\* Soft stone, of which the heads of pipes, are sometimes formed.

which it is generally supposed that its waters have excavated. One circumstance seems, however, to controvert this conjecture. The bed beneath, over which the river flows, is invariably composed of a solid stratum of rock, over several parts of which, there are fords for the passage of carriages. The general depth of water, does not here exceed eight inches but partial channels have been worn by the stream, few of which are above three or four feet in depth. There appears no vestige of any deep excavation, except in the vicinity of the fall, which, if it had ever receded from the Saint Lawrence, must have formed in the solid bed of rock, basins of considerable depth. The ford being in most places, rugged and unequal, its passage is unpleasant, and not altogether safe.'

'At the lower extremity of the island, there are situations no less bold than picturesque; the north shore is interspersed with immense masses of detached limestone-rock; the south side is clothed with trees to the borders of the great river; from either are seen cape Tourment, the isles, and the mountains named Les Eboulements, which pierce the clouds with their pointed summits. The soil of the island is, in general, fertile, affording more produce than is necessary for the consumption of its inhabitants. Not many years ago, it was, for two successive seasons, visited by a scourge, which swept away, in its progress, the whole productions of the land. The grasshoppers, which are in a great degree multiplied, by the too long continuance of dry weather, appeared in such redundancy of swarms, as to consume every vegetable substance, and almost totally to cover the surface of the ground; when, by their destructive ravages, the island became so denuded of verdure, as no longer to afford them the means of sustenance, they assembled on the water in clusters, resembling small rafts, and floated with the tide and wind, along the basin of the Saint Laurence, to Quebec, where they filled the decks and cordage of the vessels at anchor, and afterwards betook themselves through the town to the ramparts, which, having stript of grass, they proceeded in separate columns, through the country to the southward. A considerable part of their number probably perished in the voyage from the island, and the remainder having a greater extent of territory over which to spread, their depredations became less perceptible.'

'Although in almost the whole of the cataracts in Lower Canada, a certain similarity of effect is discoverable, the

precipices over which they pour their waters being nearly perpendicular ; and although these sublime objects so frequently occur, that the impression which novelty produces on the mind, is thereby in a great degree weakened, yet each is distinguishable by peculiar features. The accumulated waters in the spring of the year, by abrading, and sweeping down, portions of the solid rock, incessantly produce alterations, and thus enlarge the channel, or render it more deep.

‘ The landscape which environs this fall, is grand and romantic. The banks are rugged, steep, and wild, being covered with a variety of trees. Below, large and irregular masses of limestone rock, are piled upon each other. Not one half of the mountain can be seen by the spectator, when stationed by the side of the river. The whole of the waters of the fall, are not immediately received into the basin beneath, but a hollow rock, about fifteen feet high, receives a part which glides from thence, in the form of a section of a sphere. The river, throughout the remainder of its courses is solitary, wild, and broken, and presents other scenes worthy of observation.’

‘ In vain would the labours of art, endeavour to produce, in the gardens of palaces, beauties, which the hand of nature scatters in the midst of unfrequented wilds. The river, from about one-fourth of the height of the mountain, discloses itself to the contemplation of the spectator, and delights his eye with varied masses of shining foam, which, suddenly issuing from a deep ravine hollowed out by the waters, glide down the almost perpendicular rock, and form a splendid curtain, which loses itself amid the foliage of surrounding woods. Such is the scene which the fall of La Puce exhibits, when viewed from the summit of a bank on the eastern side of the river.’

The whole scenery of the river Saint Laurence abounds in beautiful and stupendous sports of nature. That part, particularly called “ THE NIAGARA,” exhibits the grandeur of the picturesque, in great varieties.

‘ To descend the perpendicular cliff on the eastern bank is attended with difficulty, and with some degree of peril. Few of the roots and vines which formerly hung downwards from the trees any longer remain. In descending the craggy steep, the adventurer must cling to the rock with his hands and feet, moving onward with great caution. On his arrival at the base of the cliff, he is struck by a development of

scenery, yet more awfully stupendous than that which had before been presented to his contemplation. Here nature, agitated, by the struggles of contending elements, assumes a majestic and tremendous wildness of form. Here terror seems to hold his habitation. Here brilliancy, profundity, motion, sound, and tumultuous fury, mingle throughout the scene. The waters appear to pour from the sky, with such impetuosity that a portion is thrown back in clouds of vapour. The mind, expanded by the immensity and splendour of the surrounding objects, is disposed to give issue to the sensations of awe and wonder by which she is impressed, in the ejaculations similar to that of the Psalmist of Israel, 'Great and marvellous are thy works!'

'The huge fragments of rock which have been thrown from the summit of the precipice, by the irresistible strength of the torrent, and which have fallen upon each other in towering heaps beneath, suggest to the imagination an idea of what may take place previous to the general consummation of this terrestrial scene, when ancient monuments of marble, under which princes of the earth have for ages slept, shall be burst asunder, and torn up from their foundations.

'Can so vast, so rapid, and so continual a waste of water never drain its sources? These are inexhaustible; and the body which throws itself down these cliffs, forms the sole discharge of four immense inland seas.

'The effect produced by the cold of winter on these sheets of water thus rapidly agitated, is at once singular and splendid. Icicles of great thickness and length are formed along the banks, from the springs which flow over them. The sources impregnated with sulphur, which drain from the hollow of the rocks, are congealed into transparent blue columns. Cones are formed by the spray, particularly on the American side, which have in several places large fissures disclosing the interior, composed of clusters of icicles, similar to the pipes of an organ. Some parts of the falls are consolidated into fluted columns, and the river above is seen partially frozen. The boughs of the trees in the surrounding woods are hung with purest icicles formed from the spray, and reflecting in every direction the rays of the sun, produce a variety of prismatic hues, and a lustre almost too refulgent to be long sustained by the powers of vision.'

ART. II.—*Tracts, Historical and Statistical on India* : with journal of several tours through various parts of the Peninsula. Also, an account of Sumatra, in a series of letters. By Benjamin Heyne, M. D. F. L. S. Member of the Asiatic Society of Calcutta, and the Learned Societies of Bombay, Berlin, &c. and surgeon and naturalist on the establishment of Fort St. George. Illustrated by maps, and other plates. Quarto. Pp. 462. £2, 2s. Robert Baldwin, 1814.

WE have lately had occasion, in reviewing Mr. Milburn's excellent work on Oriental Commerce, to lay so much general information before our readers, on India affairs, that we must, without disparagement to the merits of the volume before us, direct our remarks to such parts of it, as will afford most novelty of information. That the genius, however, of our present author, may not suffer by this partial arrangement, we hasten to extract his sensible, and well regulated opinions on the British Government of India.

'It is generally acknowledged, that no nation in Europe, is better acquainted with the art of governing than the British. It has been contended, however, by the French, on mere theoretical principles, that this panegyric does not apply to the management of their colonies. When we take an attentive view of their astonishing success, and of the security with which we find they are established in many parts of the globe, but especially in India, we cannot hesitate to esteem them equally as great legislators in that country as in their own. For my part, I feel myself both unequal and disinclined to enter upon a discussion of such a subject. My object is different. It is an anxious wish that the little knowledge which I have acquired may contribute towards rendering the natives of India as happy under the British government as I feel myself.

'That happiness is ideal, and not real, is a truth with which I am forcibly impressed. Still this ideal phantom, when wanted, renders a man as miserable as the possession of it would produce the contrary effect. Public happiness may be defined the absence of all grievances either real or imaginary, provided they be felt as grievances. The art of governing well consists in an equal distribution of those burdens and benefits which result from a regular government. In order to render the regal power more agreeable to the people, the greatest and most shining share of the beneficial branch of government is vested in the king or the supreme magistrate. Indeed, he is the nominal source of all good. To impose the taxes, and lay on those burdens which constitute the disagreeable part of government, is wisely left in Great Britain to the people at large, through the medium of their delegates.—Hence the hatred to which the power that imposes hardships must be exposed, is, therefore, only attached to the instrument employed individually in the distribution of them.



'The only reason why the natives of Hindostan might not think themselves as happy as the nature of things will admit, under the British Government, is, in my opinion, owing to the strange division of the forementioned branches of it. The Company has retained to itself the distribution of evil or the executive power, with the collection of the revenues; but have left the dispensation of the sweets of a good government, to native tributary princes, or even to their own native servants, who consequently derive the benefit arising from that situation.

'A ryot in the northern Circars, or any other part of the Company's dominions will candidly acknowledge that the collector takes nothing but the Company's due. This very action, however, is a grievance in the eyes of a Hindoo, who considers possession as a real right of property, which by his religious laws and principles he is allowed to retain by the most flagitious and sacrilegious means. The same revenue is exacted by the Zemindar, and probably in greater proportion to the produce; but it is done in a very different way from that of the collectors and under a combination of happier circumstances.

'A Zemindar first tries persuasion; and when he has used compulsion, he endeavours to sooth the poor ryot or sub-renter, by attention and flattery, by an entertainment or a trifling present. He tells him that all hardship inflicted is merely at the instance of the Company who enforce payments of their kists from him with the greatest rigour. The poor plundered man returns home quite proud of the attention, and pleased with the conduct of the Rajah. On his arrival he hears the Rajah praised by the Bramins, who, probably, have returned home with tumbalas for their enams, or with pattas for ucy ones. Or he hears him extolled by the enam peons, who boast of the distinction with which they have been treated, and of the emoluments they derive from the lands which they cultivate. Or the curnam expatiates with exultation on the allowance made by the Rajah for village expences. In short the praises of the darma Rajah resound from every mouth.

'From the collector the ryot returns with far different sensations. When the kist is paid he is dismissed without farther ceremony; and comes home brooding over his imaginary losses. The bramins of the village, who enjoy enams, are silent; those that have none (which constitute the greater part) complain; for not even a chance of acquiring any is left them. The former obtain their tumbalas from the sub-renter, and bless him for it; or, as I know is the case in the northern Circars, they consider their lands as real property, insured to them by means of stipulations between the Nizam and the Company.

'From the peons, a very numerous class of the middle and lower ranks of people in India, nothing is heard but complaints. They are not only disregarded, but often deprived of their pikes and daggers, which they consider as the very pride of their existence; and sometimes also of their enams or privileges, which frequently consist in no-

thing more than an equal share of the produce of the land which they cultivate, but which are considered by themselves as matters of great importance.

‘ Here I must advert to the position respecting happiness, with which I began this Tract. The Hindoo thinks himself happy, if he, as well as the other classes of his nation, especially the Bramins, whom he is taught to consider as belonging to a race of beings superior to himself, and to regard as protecting angels, be permitted to remain in the undisturbed exercise and enjoyment of their ancient customs and privileges. The Bramin thinks himself just as much entitled to receive enams and other charitable gifts, as the ryot to a share of the produce of the land which he cultivates. Hence, when he does not receive them he considers himself as injured. Those who enjoy these donations are never reminded that they are charitable gifts, and of course they are unthankful. Those whose ancestors did not transmit to them these privileges are convinced that they will never obtain them from government. Hence their loud complaints, and the readiness with which they would be disposed to support those from whom they might expect a different treatment. They would unite with pleasure in supporting any upstart rebel, whether he were a Hindoo or a Moorman. The lower classes, ever influenced and led by the ministers of their religion, consider the grievances of the Bramins as their own; and as their vanity is never flattered by the Company’s government, which alone could induce them to forget their fellow-subjects, readily join them in lamentations, and would do so likewise in case of a rebellion.

‘ The Bramins in the district of the Zemindar look up to him for charitable gifts, and are therefore not only ready to support him, but even to prevent a change of administration; because they know, that if the country should become amany not the least chance of obtaining enams is left them.

‘ It is not uncommon for the lands to be partially resumed by the Zemindar, which enables him to raise his reputation by new gifts, which he fails not to bestow. He takes from one in order to give to another.

‘ I have often heard them declare, that the Company’s amany administration was strictly just; but they thought it comparatively not so good as a Moorish government, and greatly inferior to a Hindoo one. Under the Moorish, say they, a poor man might by chance acquire riches, and experience a turn of good luck, of which, in the same government, the richer are often deprived; whereas, in the Company’s district, none are plundered, and consequently none, by an extraordinary accumulation of favour, rise upon the ruins of others.

‘ If these defects in the British government in India were generally understood, nothing would be more easy than to remedy them. But I have reason to believe that they are not understood by those who have the supreme direction of affairs in India. Thousands of difficul-

'es indeed start up before my eyes, which I do not venture to mention, because they may, perhaps, be greater in appearance than in reality. Something material, however, might be done, I conceive, without any farther investigation, and founded on the strictest principles of justice.

' Would it not be advisable that enamdars of all descriptions, and in all districts, whether amany or under Zemindars, should be publicly announced as under the particular protection and exclusive authority of Government? Even those who have lately acquired, or may hereafter acquire, enams from the Zemindar, should be placed in the same predicament. This would put an effectual stop to the squandering away of lands, and at once detach the greatest interest in the country from the Rajahs. The Curnums would become more independent of the Zemindars, and all accounts would be more open to investigation. Registers might be opened of all enamdars and enam lands, and those persons who neglect to have them enrolled should be invariably deprived of them, in favour of the informers, or others; for, provided they be given away, it signifies not to whom.

' To impress the minds of the people with the good intention of Government, printed puttass should be distributed among all registered as enamdars, in which the Company is represented as confirming their enams, so long as they continue dutiful and faithful subjects. At the same time it might be made known, that all those enamdars would invariably be deprived of their enams, who, in the event of a rebellion in any district, do not immediately repair with their families to such countries as continue in a state of quietness and attached to the Company. Tambalas should also be regularly distributed, expressive of the charity which yearly is renewed to the enam holders.

' A certain proportion of uncultivated lands might be allotted for new enams, or for such Bramins and Chetris as could prove that they had either themselves cleared and cultivated waste lands, or had encouraged others to do so. By such conduct I conceive that the Bramins and Nobles of the Country would feel at once that they depended solely upon Government, and be encouraged to look forward to favours and emoluments for which there was no opening before.

' The consequence of this would be, that another and a formidable class of people (I mean the peons) would be attached to the interests of the Company. They are looked up to, by the rest of the natives, as their natural protectors. They are paid by some trifling enams, or by receiving equal shares of the produce of a certain quantity of their Circar land; and when they are actually employed, they receive daily batta. They are a proud, haughty, warlike race, who wield the spear with intrepidity in the day of battle. If they can be attached to the Company's interest, nothing is to be feared from foreign or internal

tuemies. I allude here only to enam Peons, and not to the common rebels, consisting of Moormen and other idlers, whose sole property consists in a sword or a match-lock; who readily attach themselves to every upstart, and as readily forsake him. I allude to those peons who surround the native princes; whose principle it is to fall in the field of battle with their masters, and who are known rather to sacrifice themselves than survive them. I know it is a favourite maxim to disarm these people; but that can never be effected so long as a bamboo grows in India, or a pointed plough-share is to be met with in the fields. Would it not be a wiser policy to conciliate and secure their friendship? They are all fond of distinction. If they were publicly declared Circar Peons, under the particular and exclusive authority of the Company, registered as such, and their enams promised to themselves and their families, so long as they showed themselves faithful servants; if they were to be assured that they would never be removed from the districts in which they reside, excepting when they were actually employed in war—by these, and similar modes, they might be gained in a very short time. Officers might be appointed in every district, not to drill them, but to become personally acquainted with them, and to lead them into the field when their services were wanted.

‘Honorary guards might be furnished, out of their number, to the tributary Rajahs, as they are accustomed to this kind of pageantry. They would serve as an effectual guard over them, as soon as they were accustomed to look up to a superior power as their immediate protector.

‘The great end of all this—the popularity of the present Government with the natives of India—would be secured; and an army, amounting at least to 100,000, would be organized on the coast at little or no expense.

‘It may be said that consanguinity, or relationship, attaches the Peons to the native Princes. I believe I have heard the observation made; but I do not think it well founded. A slight review of the casts, or tribes, among whom most of this description of men are found, will readily convince any person that no such consanguinity can exist.

‘To this proposal it may be objected, that all alienations of lands are losses to the revenue, which ought rather to be gradually increased by the resumption of enams to which no ancient title can be produced. I once thought so myself, and was most assiduous in hunting after and pointing out all illegal claims; but, upon more mature reflection, I am of opinion that it would tend more to the advantage of a government so great and powerful as that of the British in India, were they to be indulgent in this respect, and thus evince that attention to the real or ideal happiness of their numerous subjects, which, in other respects, they are so anxious to exhibit. The intention of establishing courts of justice, and of conferring the property of the lands

upon the native princes, may be adduced as striking instances. But, I am sorry to say, that they are not such as will contribute, by their effects, to the happiness of the middle or lower classes of the natives of India.

To pursue the author :—

‘ We encamped near a very remarkable pagoda, for which it is said the gods collected water from no less than three millions of rivers. Every bramin who visits the place, for the first time, must perform his ablutions in this tank, and spend some money in charity, or rather in furnishing food to a number of bramins of the place, in honour of the manes of his forefathers.

‘ The real age of this large pagoda is lost in obscurity; but the Hindoos affirm that it was built by Weswakarmadu, the chief architect of the Dewatas. He lived in the golden age, and the gates were constructed by him of gold, which, in that happy æra, constituted the common material. The Annagunda Krishnarailu, it is said, built the very extensive porticos erected on no fewer than a thousand pillars; and I think it probable that, under the reign of that prince, the pagoda acquired much of its celebrity. It is now a noble building, and well worth seeing; but as the Bramins would not allow me to view the interior, I disdained to take any notice of the exterior. The arrogance and contumely with which the Bramins in the Carnatic are allowed to treat Europeans, is almost proverbial; and as it proceeds entirely from the motives which the Madras Dubashes are inculcating and spreading, it is becoming more and more intolerable. Something is due to inveterate prejudices, but to countenance them, and to suffer them to be encouraged, is acting with too much liberality.’

The following extracts are extremely curious.

‘ The palaces built by Hyder and his son Tippoo Sultan are all upon one plan, but I do not consider myself as adequate to give a description of them: the brilliancy of the colours with which they are painted have attracted the notice of all who have had an opportunity of seeing them. On that account I conceive it will be interesting to give an account of the way in which these colours are prepared and laid on.

‘ The gold colour, so lavishly applied, is one of the best counterfeits that can well be conceived. To make this colour, the following articles must be got ready:—linseed oil, two sirs; chandrasam (yellow resin), one sir; dickamalie (aloe socotrina), six drams; musambram (a yellowish-green gum resin, mixed with small bits of wood: when burnt it smells like benzoin, but when fresh from the bazar like asa foetida), six drams; kasturi paaspu (the bulb either of the *curcuma rotunda*, or of the *amomum zedarea*), three drams.



‘ To prepare the *gunna*, as it is called, take a mud pot, coat the bottom of it with red earth, and after it is heated over a fire, put the resin into it and melt it; then mix with it the linseed oil, which must have been previously made boiling hot in another vessel. Now add the remaining articles, previously reduced to a fine powder, and boil the mixture over a slow fire for about two hours, or till a drop of it, taken out with a stick and put upon a plank, may be drawn out when cool into long, thin threads. In this state the matter is called *gunna*.

‘ For gilding, take a sir of tin, and beat it out into very fine leaves, mix it with one quarter of a sir of liquified glue, and beat them together into a homogeneous mass; wash it with water, and keep it for use.

‘ When a silver colour is wanted, this mixture of tin and glue, moistened with water, is to be laid upon the plank or wall to be painted; it is then rubbed with a serpentine stone till the silver colour appear.

‘ When a gold colour is wanted, the *gunna* is on three successive days laid thinly over the silver coloured spot with a brush.

‘ To make a white colour, take four parts of white lead and one part of gum arabic; mix them with water, and when the paint is to be used add as much water as is sufficient to bring it to the requisite consistency.

‘ For a green colour, take two seers of linseed oil and one seer of *chandrasam*; mix them in the same manner as described for the *gunna*. Lay it with a brush over the white paint, and powder verdigris over it through a fine cloth.

‘ A red colour is made of four parts of cinnabar and one of gum, rubbed together, and mixed with water when wanted for use.

‘ For a pink colour, white lead, *poti* (cotton impregnated with a red water colour sold in the Bazars), gum, and water are mixed together.

‘ For yellow, four parts of orpiment and one of gum arabic are mixed up with water.

‘ To make the ground for any colour, take *senku sudda* (the finest levigated pipe clay), mix it with a little gum and water, and lay it on the walls or plank which is to be coloured: it is afterwards to be rubbed with a stone till it becomes quite smooth. On this ground the various colours above described are to be laid.’

We lament, that our limits confine us to so brief a view of a work well calculated to afford equal information and amusement to the reader.

ART. III.—*A Voyage to Terra Australis*; undertaken for the purpose of completing the discovery of that vast country, and prosecuted in the years 1801-2-3, in his majesty's ship Investigator; and, subsequently, in the armed vessel Porpoise, and Cumberland schooner. With an account of the shipwreck of the Porpoise, arrival of the Cumberland at Mauritius, and imprisonment of the commander during six years and a half, in that island. By Matthew Flinders, commander of the Investigator. 2 Vols. and an atlas. Quarto. Pp. 269, 613. £8. 8s. Nicol. 1814.

Few persons, we imagine, will peruse these valuable volumes, without great interest. Our author, the navigator, at the especial recommendation of Sir Joseph Banks, and by command of his majesty, embarked in the Investigator, of 334 tons, to retrace the discoveries of the lamented Captain Cooke, in New South Wales—to complete, in New Holland, whatever might have been left unfinished by the Dutch navigator—and, finally, to perfect the discovery of the southern hemisphere.

With zeal, activity, and talent, to pursue the intricacies of nautical research, our author sailed in the year 1801, in pursuance of his mission. To facilitate the progress of a voyage promising important results to the whole maritime world, a passport was granted to our author, by the first consul of France, to render his progress sacred on board the Investigator. Unfortunately, no calculation had been made, on the dangers and casualties of the seas, and of this remissness, the most dishonourable advantage was, afterwards, taken by the French.

The Investigator decayed on her voyage, when the senior naval officer at Port Jackson, in New South Wales, duly appreciating the importance of the object, and amply satisfied with the zeal of the navigator, gave him a colonial ship of war to transport himself, his officers, charts, &c. to England, that he might obtain another ship, for the re-prosecution of his discoveries.

In this second vessel our author suffered shipwreck, with the additional misfortune of losing many valuable charts, which had cost him much labour and many risks to perfect. With unabated fervor, however, he returned to Port Jackson, distant from the wreck 734 miles, in an open boat, where he procured a passage for himself and officers on board a merchant vessel, bound to England, by the circuitous route of China. But our author, being desirous of reaching

England with more expedition, he, in his ardour to re-commence the fulfilment of his mission, procured the Cumberland, a small schooner of 29 tons, in which he embarked; thereby sacrificing all personal conveniency to the promotion of his important service.

In this situation, unaware of the intermediate changes of politics, in December, 1803, he put into Port Louis, in the Mauritius, from circumstances of incidental necessity, and produced his commission and passport. Here, his person was imprisoned, the faith of nations was violated, and the Cumberland, with the charts and journals of our author's voyage, were seized by captain-general de Caen, the governor of the Mauritius. This was his plea.

The French and English were, then, at war, and the passport of the first consul was limited to the protection of the Investigator. Moreover it was alleged, from the perusal of our author's journals, that they contained notes explanatory of his intention to become acquainted with the periodical winds, the port, and the present state of the French colony.

Let us peep into the private history of this daring violation of public faith.

'After the peace of Amiens general De Caen went out to Pondicherry as captain-general of all the French possessions to the east of the Cape of Good Hope; he had a few troops and a number of extra officers, some of whom appear to have been intended for seapoy regiments proposed to be raised, and others for the service of the Mah-rattas. The plan of operations in India was probably extensive, but the early declaration of war by England put a stop to them, and obliged his Excellency to abandon the brilliant prospect of making a figure in the annals of the east; he then came to Mauritius, exclaiming against the perfidy of the British government, and with a strong dislike, if not hatred to the whole nation. I arrived about three months subsequent to this period, and the day after M. Barrois had been sent on board *Le Geographe* with dispatches for France; which transaction being contrary to the English passport, and subjecting the ship to capture, if known, it was resolved to detain me a short time, and an embargo was laid upon all neutral ships for ten days. It would appear that the report of the commandant of *La Savanne* gave some suspicion of my identity, which was eagerly adopted as a cause of detention; I was therefore accused at once of imposture, closely confined, and my books, papers, and vessel seized. Next day another report arrived from *La Sauanne*, that of major Dunienville; from which, and the examination I had just undergone, it appeared that the accusation of imposture was untenable; an invitation to go to the general's table was

then sent me, no suspicion being entertained that this condescension to an Englishman, and to an officer of inferior rank might not be thought an equivalent for what had passed. My refusal of the intended honour until set at liberty, so much exasperated the captain-general that he determined to make me repent it; and a wish to be acquainted with the present state of the Mauritius being found in my journal, it was fixed upon as a pretext for detaining me until orders should arrive from France, by which an imprisonment of at least twelve months was insured. The first motive of my detention therefore arose from the infraction previously made of the *English* passport, by sending dispatches in *Le Geographe*; and the probable cause of its being prolonged beyond what seems to have been originally intended, was to punish me for refusing the invitation to dinner.

The marine minister's letter admits little doubt that general De Caen knew, on the return of his brother-in-law in January, 1805, that the council of state at Paris, though approving of his conduct, proposed granting me liberty and the restitution of the *Cumberland*; and he must have expected by every vessel to have received orders to that effect; but punishment had not yet produced a sufficient degree of humiliation to make him execute such an order willingly. When the exchange was made with the commodore Osborn in the following August, it became convenient to let me quit the Garden Prison, in order to take away the centinels; captain Bergeret also, who as a prisoner in India had been treated with distinction, strongly pressed my going into the country; these circumstances alone might possibly have induced the captain-general to take the parole of one who had been detained as a spy; but his subsequent conduct leaves a strong suspicion that he proposed to make the portion of liberty, thus granted as a favour, subservient to evading the expected order from France, should such a measure be then desirable. At length the order arrived, and three years and a half of detention had not produced any very sensible effect on his prisoner; the execution of it was therefore suspended, until another reference should be made to the government and an answer returned. What was the subject of this reference could not be known, but there existed in the island only one conjecture; that from having had such a degree of liberty during near two years, I had acquired a knowledge of the colony which made it unsafe to permit my departure.

Extensive wars were at this time carrying on in Europe, the French arms were victorious, and general De Caen saw his former companions becoming counts, dukes, and marshals of the empire, whilst he remained an untitled general of division; he and his officers, as one of them told me, then felt themselves little better circumstanced than myself,—than prisoners in an almost forgotten speck of the globe, with their promotion suspended. Rumours of a premeditated attack at length reached the island, which it was said the captain-general heard with pleasure; and it was attributed to the prospect of making military levies on the inhabitants, and increasing his authority by the procla-

mation of martial law ; but if I mistake not, the general's pleasure arose from more extended views and a more permanent source. If the island were attacked and he could repulse the English forces, distinction would follow ; if unsuccessful, a capitulation would restore him to France and the career of advancement. An attack was therefore desirable ; and as the captain-general probably imagined that an officer who had been six years a prisoner, and whose liberty had been so often requested by the different authorities in India, would not only be anxious to forward it with all his might, but that his representations would be attended to, the prettexts before alleged for my imprisonment and the answer from France were waved ; and after passing six weeks in the town of Port Louis and five on board a ship in the harbour from which I had before been debarred, he suffered me to depart in a cartel bound to the place where the attack was publicly said to be in meditation. This is the sole motive which, upon a review of the general's conduct, I can assign for being set at liberty so unexpectedly, and without any restriction upon my communications ; and if such a result to an attack upon Mauritius were foreseen by the present count De Caen, captain-general of Catalonia, events have proved that he was no mean calculator. But perhaps this, as well as the preceding conjectures on his motives may be erroneous ; if so, possibly the count himself, or some one on the part of the French government may give a more correct statement,—one which may not reconcile the facts here brought together, but explain many lesser incidents which have been omitted from fear of tiring the patience of the reader.'

Such appears to have been the subtle policy of a man reared in the Buonaparte school of perfidy !

The reader will, certainly, partake our feelings of astonishment, at the prolongation of our author's insidious captivity. It is true, several spirited applications were made in his behalf, by the Marquis Wellesley, then governor-general of India ; but, we do not find, that our admiralty sought to release him from an imprisonment contrary to every principle of justice and humanity ; nor did it seem meet to their wisdom, to reclaim his charts, journals, and papers. On the contrary, he was permitted to languish for upwards of six years, in an ignominious imprisonment, at the caprice of a ferocious despot. The captain general's *feelings* for our author's situation, and his desire to receive orders from the French marine minister, had been more than once *expressed*. At the end of three years and a half, he was officially informed, that the French government had permitted the restitution of the Cumberland ; and this communication was accompanied by a promise that, 'so soon as circumstances would allow, he should fully enjoy the favour which had been granted to



him, by his majesty the emperor and king.' Notwithstanding these assurances, fifteen further tedious months elapsed without his promised release, and his earnest application to the captain-general was thus answered—'that having communicated to his excellency the marine minister, the motives which induced the captain-general to suspend our author's departure, he could not authorize his return to Europe, until he had received an official answer.'

In twenty months more, however, the captain-general permitted this departure voluntarily, and not in consequence of any orders from France. Our author very judiciously accounts for the policy of this *seeming* grace.

'When first imprisoned in 1803, for having expressed a wish to learn the present state of the colony, there was no suspicion of any projected attack upon it; in 1810, preparations of defence were making against an attack almost immediately expected, and there were few circumstances relating to the island in which I was not as well informed as the generality of the inhabitants; then it was, after giving me the opportunity of becoming acquainted with the town and harbour of Port Louis, that general De Caen suffered me to go away in a ship bound to the place whence the attack was expected, and without laying any restriction upon my communications.'

Having, thus, explained the extraordinary suffering of our author, we refer to his work.

The 'TERRA AUSTRALIS' is a generally descriptive designation, given to the discoveries made in the southern hemisphere, by the bold and enterprising genius of experienced seamen, from different nations, and at different periods. And the object of the voyage before us, was that of clearing up the existing doubts of former navigators.

The early discoveries of the Dutch, in this vast, but undefined region, are known to us under the name of 'NEW HOLLAND.' They relate to the western coasts, and the discoveries made by British navigators, are on the eastern coasts, and named 'NEW SOUTH WALES.'

To these discoveries, the geographer has been disposed to give the name of continent; but as this fact is by no means established by the Dutch or English navigators of the two last centuries; and as the British government takes a more especial interest in this inquiry, from our establishment in New South Wales, a spirit of investigation has been aroused by the solicitude of a mother country, as well as by the interests of our national commerce.

We learn from the introduction, that New Holland and New South Wales, are designated by foreign writers, under the general term of *Terra Australis*. The Dutch, originally, named their discovery *Terra Australis*, or *Great South Land*, until after the second voyage of their celebrated navigator, Tasman, in 1644, at which time it was named New Holland.

When it was, therefore, known that New Holland and New South Wales formed one land, it became necessary to geographical precision, to give this region one general term of designation, and our author refers to our original, because comprehensive, adoption of '*Terra Australis*.'

'And of this term I shall hereafter make use, when speaking of New Holland and New South Wales, in a collective sense; and when using it in the most extensive signification, the adjacent isles including that of Van Diemen, must be understood to be comprehended.

'There is no probability, that any other detached body of land, of nearly equal extent, will ever be found in a more southern latitude; the name of *Terra Australis* will, therefore, remain descriptive of the geographical importance of this country, and of its situation on the globe: it has antiquity to recommend it; and having no reference to either of the two claiming nations, appears to be less objectionable than any other which could have been selected.

'In dividing New South Wales from New Holland, I have been guided by the British patent to the first governor of the new colony, at Port Jackson. In this patent, a meridian nearly corresponding to the ancient line of separation between New Holland and *Terra Australis*, has been made the western limit of New South Wales; and is fixed in the longitude of 135 minutes east, from the meridian of Greenwich.—From hence the British territory extends eastward, to the islands of the *Pacific* or *Great Ocean*: its northern limit is at *Cape York*; and the extremity of the southern *Van Diemen's Land*, is its opposite boundary.

'The various discoveries which had been made upon the coasts of *Terra Australis*, antecedently to the present voyage, are of dates as widely distant, as are the decrees of confidence to which they are respectively entitled; the accounts also lie scattered through various books in different languages; and many are still in manuscript. It has, therefore been judged, that a succinct history of these discoveries would be acceptable to the public; and would form an appropriate introduction to a voyage, whose principal object was to complete what they had left unfinished. Such a history will not only, it is hoped, be found interesting, but, from the occasions it will furnish to point out what remained to be done at the beginning of the nineteenth century, will satisfy a question which may be asked: Why it should have been thought necessary to send another expedition to explore the coasts of

a country, concerning which, it has been said, near thirty years ago,—It is no longer, a doubt, that we have now a full knowledge of the whole circumference of this vast body of land, this fifth part of the world.\* An expression, which the learned writer could have intended to apply only to the general extent of the new continent, and not to the particular formation of every part of the coasts; since, the chart which accompanies the voyage of which he was writing the introduction, represents much of the south coast, as being totally unknown.

\* In tracing a historical sketch of the previous discoveries, I shall not dwell upon such as depend upon conjecture and probability, but come speedily to those, for which there are authentic documents. In this latter and solely important class, the articles extracted from voyages, which are in the hands of the public, will be abridged to their leading heads; and the reader referred for the details, to the original works; but in such articles as either have not appeared before, or but very imperfectly in an English dress, as also in those extracted from unpublished manuscripts, a wider range will be taken: in these, so far as the documents go, on the one hand, and the limits of an introduction can allow, on the other, no interesting fact will be omitted.

\* Conformably to this plan, no attempt will be made to investigate the claims of the *Chinese* to the earliest knowledge of *Terra Australis*, which some, from the chart of *Marco Polo* have thought they possessed. Nor yet will much be said upon the plea advanced by the *Abbé Prévost*, and after him by the President *DERROSSES* in favour of *Paulmier de Gonneville* a French captain; for whom they claim the honour of having discovered *Terra Australis*, in 1504. It is evident, from the proofs they adduce, that it was not to any part of this country, but to *Madagascar* that *Gonneville* was driven; and from whence he brought his prince *Essomerie*, to *Normandy*.\*

It is, however, a circumstance highly curious, that the *British Museum* is, actually, in possession of two charts, which describe the *Terra Australis*, long antecedent to historical discovery. Referring to these maps, our author says, the one is in French, without any date, and, from its almost exact similitude, is, probably, either the original, or a copy of the other, which is in English. The latter bears date 1542; and is dedicated to the king of England; and Captain *Burney* in his *History of Discoveries in the South Seas*, enlarges on the early discovery of these regions, as exemplified by these maps. Both these opinions appear to us entitled to attention. The Portuguese were early navigators: their voyages, about the 13th century, were frequent to and from *India*, and the discovery might have originated with them, notwithstanding our want of positive record to substantiate the fact.

As this, however, is a subject of conjecture, our author attaches himself to discoveries, authenticated by undeniable documents; and classes his discoveries under the heads of the different coasts on which they were made. He divides the discoveries made in the Terra Australis, previously to the voyage of the Investigator, into four sections: the north coast, the western coast, the south coast, the east coast, with Van Diemen's land. The latter section being more numerous and extensive, contains two parts: the one relating to discoveries independent of the British colony in New South Wales; and, the other, to those which were made in visits from that colony; which latter may be considered a consequence of its establishment.

SECTION I....In speaking of the north coast, our author ascribes the early discoveries of the Dutch in the East to be best authenticated by Dalrymple, late hydrographer to the admiralty, in his curious collection concerning Papua, published with a translation.

This interesting document was procured by Sir Joseph Banks, and contains a copy of the instructions to commodore Abel Jansz Tasman, in his second voyage of discoveries.

'It is dated January 29, 1644, from the *Castle of Batavia*, and signed by the governor-general ANTONIO VAN DIEMEN, and by *Vander Lyn, Maatsuyker, Schouten, and Sweers*, members of the council. The instructions are prefaced with a recital, in chronological order, of the previous discoveries of the Dutch, whether made from accident or design, in *NOVA GUINEA*, and the *Great South Land*; and, from this account, combined, with a passage from *Saris*, it appears, that—

'On the 18th of November 1605, the Dutch yacht the *Duyfhen* was dispatched from Bantam to explore the islands of New Guinea, and that she sailed along, what was thought to be, the west side of that country, to  $13\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$  of south latitude. 'This extensive country was found for the greatest part, desert; but in some places, inhabited by wild, cruel, black, savages; by whom some of the crew were murdered. For which reason they could not learn any thing of the land, or waters, as had been desired of them; and from want of provisions and other necessaries, they were obliged to leave the discovery unfinished: The furthest point of the land, in their map, was called *Cape KZERWEER*, or *Turn-again*.

'The course of the *Duyfhen* from New Guinea was southward, along the islands on the west side of Torres' Strait to that part of Terra Australis, a little to the west and south of Cape York; but all these lands were thought to be connected, and to form the west coast of New Guinea. Thus, without being conscious of it, the commander of the

Duyfhen made the first authenticated discovery of any part of the great South Land, about the month of March 1606 ; for it appears that he had returned to Banda in or before the beginning of June, of that year.'

In 1606, Lewis Vas de Torres, a Spanish navigator, was the second adventurer in the Terra Australis. His researches are commented upon.

In 1618, Zeachen is noted as the supposed discoverer of the land of Arnhem, and the northern Van Diemen's Land. But as Van Diemen, in honour of whom this name may be supposed to have been given, was not governor-general of India, until the beginning of 1636 ; and as Tasman does not make any mention of Zeachen, little credit attaches to this assertion.

'The second expedition mentioned in the Dutch recital, for the discovery of the Great South Land, was undertaken in a yacht, in the year 1617, 'with little success ;' and the journals and remarks were not to be found. In January 1623, the yachts *Pera* and *Arnhem*, under the command of JAN CARSTENS, were dispatched from *Ambaina*, by order of his Excellency Jan Pieterz Coen. Carstens, with eight of the *Arnhem's* crew, was treacherously murdered by the natives of New Guinea ; but the vessels prosecuted the voyage, and discovered 'the great islands of ARNHEM and the SPULT.' 'They 'were then untimely separated,' and the *Arnhem* returned to *Ambaina*. The *Pera* persisted ; and 'sailed along the south coast of New Guinea to a flat cove, situate in 10° south latitude, and ran along the west coast of this land to cape Keer-Weer ; from thence discovered the coast further southward, as far as 17°, to STATEN RIVER. From this place, what more of the land could be discerned, seemed to stretch westward : 'the *Pera* then returned to *Ambaina*. 'In this discovery were found, every where, shallow water and barren coasts ; islands altogether thinly peopled by divers cruel, poor, and brutal nations ; and of very little use to the (Dutch East-India) Company.'

The expedition of Carstens was followed by that of Gerrit Pool, in 1636. He discovered Van Diemen's Land in 11° south latitude, and sailed along the shore for 120 miles, without seeing any people, but many signs of smoke.

'This is all that appears to have been known of the North Coast, when ABEL JANSZ TASMAN, sailed upon his second voyage, in 1644 ; for the instructions to him say, that after quitting the 'Point Ture, or False Cape, situate in 8° on the south coast of New Guinea, you are to continue eastward, along the coast to 9° south latitude ; crossing prudently the *Cove* at that place. Looking about the *high islands*, or *Spault's River*, with the yachts, for a harbour ; dispatching



the tender *De Braak* for two or three days into the *Cove*, in order to discover whether within the GREAT INLET, there be not to be found an entrance into the South Sea. From this place you are to coast along the west coast of New Guinea, (Carpentaria,) to the furthest discoveries in 17° south latitude ; following the coast further, as it may run, west or southward.

‘ But it is to be feared you will meet, in these parts, with the south-east trade winds ; from which it will be difficult to keep the coast on board, if stretching to the south-east ; but, notwithstanding this, endeavour by all means to proceed ; that we may be sure whether this land is divided from the *Great Known South Continent*, or not.’

‘ The Dutch had, by this time, acquired some knowledge of a part of the south coast of *Terra Australis* ; of the west coast ; and of a part of the north-west, and these are the lands meant by ‘ the Great ‘ *Known South Continent*.’ *Arnhem’s*, and the northern *Van Diemen’s Lands*, on the North Coast are not included in the expression ; for *Tasman* was directed ‘ from *De Witt’s Land*, (on the North-west Coast,) to run across, very near eastward, to complete the discovery, of *Arnhem’s* and *Van Diemen’s Lands* ; and to ascertain perfectly whether these lands are not one and the same island.’

But, unfortunately, no account of this voyage has been published. The following, however, extracted from miscellaneous tracts by *Nicolas Struyck*, published at Amsterdam in 1753, contains an important account of the last voyage made by the Dutch, for the discovery of the north coast.

‘ March 1, 1705, three Dutch vessels were sent from *Timor*, with order to explore the north coast of *New Holland*, better than it had before been done. They carefully examined the coasts, sand banks, and reefs. In their route to it, they did not meet with any land, but only some rocks, above water, in 11 degrees 52 minutes south latitude :’ (probably the south part of the great *Sahul Bank* ; which, according to captain *Peter Heywood*, who saw it in 1801, lies in 11 degrees, 40 minutes.) ‘ They saw the west coast of *New Holland* 4 degrees to the eastward of the east point of *Timor*. From thence they continued their route towards the north ; and passed a point, off which lies a bank of sand above water, in length more than five *German miles* of fifteen to a degree. After which they made sail to the east along the coast of *New Holland* ; observing every thing with care, until they came to a gulph, the head of which they did not quite reach. I (*Struyck*) have seen a chart made of these parts.’

The unfortunate captain *James Cook*, in 1770, appears to have been the next navigator who adventured to the *Terra Australis*, and from his discoveries we may date the accuracy with which geographers have been enabled to

describe this vast region. The succeeding voyages of lieutenant M'Cluer in 1791—of lieutenant Bligh, in 1789—of captain Edwards in 1791—of Bligh and Portlock in 1792—and Bampton and Alt in 1793—particularly the two latter, are described from the ship's journals, and close with these remarks.

'The sole remaining information relative to the North Coast of Terra Australis, was contained in a note, transcribed by Mr. Dalrymple, from a work of burgomaster WITSEN, upon the *Migration of Mankind*. The place of which the burgomaster speaks, is evidently on the coast of Carpentaria, near the head of the Gulph; but it is called *New Guinea*; and he wrote in 1705. The note is as follows: but upon whose authority it was given does not appear:

'In 16 degrees 10 minutes south longitude 159 degrees 17 minutes,' (east of Teneriffe, or between 142 degrees and 143 degrees east of Greenwich,) 'the people swam on board of a Dutch ship; and when they received a present of a piece of linen, they laid it upon their head in token of gratitude: Every where thereabout, all the people are malicious. They use arrows and bows of such a length, that one end rests on the ground when shooting. They have also *hazey-gaey*s and *kalawoey*s, and attacked the Dutch; but did not know the execution of the guns.'

'On summing up the whole of the knowledge which had been acquired of the North Coast, it will appear, that natural history, geography, and navigation had still much to learn of this part of the world; and more particularly, that they required the accomplishment of the following objects:

'1st. *A general survey of TORRES' STRAIT*. The navigation from the Pacific, or Great Ocean to all parts of India, and to the Cape of Good Hope, would be greatly facilitated, if a passage through the Strait, moderately free from danger, could be discovered; since *five or six weeks* of the usual route, by the north of New Guinea or the more eastern islands, would thereby be saved. Notwithstanding the great obstacles which navigators had encountered in some parts of the Strait, there was still room to hope, that an examination of the whole, made with care and perseverance, would bring such a passage to light. A survey of it was, therefore, an object much to be desired; not only for the merchants and seamen trading to these parts, but also from the benefits which would certainly accrue therefrom to general navigation and geography.

'2d. *An examination of the shores of the GULPH OF CARPENTARIA*. The real form of this gulph remained in as great doubt with geographers, as were the manner how, and time when it acquired its name. The east side of the Gulph had been explored to the latitude of 17 degrees, and many rivers were there marked and named; but how far the representation given of it by the Dutch was faithful,—

what were the productions, and what its inhabitants,—were, in a great measure uncertain. Or rather it was certain, that those early navigators did not possess the means of fixing the positions and forms of lands, with any thing like the accuracy of modern science : and that they could have known very little of the productions, or inhabitants.—Of the rest of the Gulph no one could say, with any confidence, upon what authority its form had been given in the charts ; so that conjecture, being at liberty to appropriate the Gulph of Carpentaria to itself, had made it the entrance to a vast arm of the sea, dividing Terra Australis into two or more islands.

‘ 3d. *A more exact investigation of the bays, shoals, islands, and coasts, of ARNHem's, and the northern VAN DIEMEN's, Lands.*—The information upon these was attended with uncertainty ; first, because the state of navigation was very low at the time of their discovery ; and second, from want of the details and authorities upon which they had been laid down. The old charts contained large islands lying off the coast, under the names of *T' Hoog Llandt*, or *Wessel's Eylandt*, and *Crocodils Eylanden* ; but of which little more was known than that, if they existed, they must lie to the eastward of 135 degrees from Greenwich. Of the R. Spult, and other large streams represented to intersect the coast, the existence even was doubtful. That the coast was dangerous and shores sandy, seemed to be confirmed by Mr. McCluer's chart ; and that they were peopled by ‘ *divers cruel, poor, and brutal nations,*’ was certainly not improbable, but it rested upon very suspicious authority. The instructions to Tasman said, in 1644, ‘ *Nova Guinea has been found to be inhabited by cruel, wild savages ; and as it is uncertain what sort of people the inhabitants of the South Lands are,* it may be presumed that they are also wild and barbarous savages, rather than a civilized people.’ This uncertainty with respect to the natives of Arnhem's and the northern Van Diemen's Lands, remained, in a great degree, at the end of the eighteenth century.

‘ Thus, whatever could bear the name of *exact*, whether in natural history, geography, or navigation, was yet to be learned of a country possessing five hundred leagues of sea coast ; and placed in a climate and neighbourhood, where the richest productions of both the vegetable and mineral kingdoms were known to exist. A voyage which should have had no other view, than the survey of the Torres' Strait, and the thorough investigation of the North Coast of Terra Australis, could not have been accused of wanting an object worthy of national consideration.’

SECTION II....Treats of the western coasts, after the manner described in the preceding section. It includes the discoveries of Hartog....Edel....of the ship *Leeuwin*....the *Vianen*....of Pelsert....Tasman....Dampier....Vlaming....Dampier, &c.

SECTION III.....Describes the south east....the discovery of Nuytes....the examination of Vancouver....of D'Entrecasteaux, &c.

SECTION IV.....Comprehends the east coast, with Van Diemen's Land....the discoveries of Tasman....of Cook....Marion....Furneaux. Observations of Cook, Bligh, and Cox. Discovery of D'Entrecasteaux....Hayes, &c.

From all which correctly deduced information, we are led to contemplate the coast of Terra Australis as one of the most interesting objects to which research could be directed.

This investigation formed a prominent part in the instructions of the unfortunate La Perouse.

The author, in Part II. of the foregoing section, comes to the year 1788, memorable for the origin of our establishment at Botany Bay. Port Jackson is described as one of the first harbours in the world, the history.... he continues....of this establishment, at the extremity of the globe, is a country where the astonished settler sees nothing, not even the grass under his feet, which is not different to whatever had before met his eye, could not fail to present objects of great interest to the European. And the public curiosity has been gratified by various respectable publications, wherein the colonists, the country, round Port Jackson, its productions, and native inhabitants, are fully delineated.

But our author's object is the progress of maritime geographical discovery, resulting from this establishment ; and, on this subject, he treats at large, illustrating his remarks with progressive extracts from his log book.

\* Of the persons, manners, and customs of the inhabitants, little new information could be expected. The skirts of their country had been examined in the southern parts, and extensive collections in natural history made there ; but to the north of *Endeavour River*, the country had been seen only at a distance. The vast interior of this new continent was wrapped in total obscurity ; and excited, perhaps on that very account, full as much curiosity as did the forms of the shores. This part of the subject, however, will scarcely be thought to belong to a naval expedition ; except in so much as rivers and other inlets might conduce to obtaining the desired information.

\* On a general review of the various objects in Terra Australis, to which investigation might be usefully directed at the commencement of the nineteenth century, and in which natural history, geography, navigation, and commerce were so much interested, the question,

Why it should have been thought necessary to send out another expedition ? will no longer be asked. But rather it will be allowed that, instead of one, there was ample room for two or three ships ; each to be employed for years, and to be conducted with a zeal and perseverance not inferior to the examples given by the best navigators.

' On the arrival of his Majesty's ship *Reliance* in England, at the latter end of 1800, the charts of the new discoveries were published, and a plan was proposed to the Right Hon. Sir JOSEPH BANKS for completing the investigation of the coasts of Terra Australis. The plan was approved of by that distinguished patron of science and useful enterprize ; it was laid before Earl SPENCER, then first Lord Commissioner of the Admiralty ; and finally received the sanction of his Majesty, who was graciously pleased to direct that the voyage should be undertaken ; and I had the honour of being appointed to the command.'

We now come to the voyage to Terra Australis. The first volume contains transactions from the beginning of the voyage to the departure from Port Jackson, under various descriptive chapters as follows :

Book I. to chapter I. to chapter XI. with appendix.

SECOND VOLUME. Book II. Relates to the transactions, during the circumnavigation of Terra Australis, from the time of leaving Port Jackson to the return to that port.

Chapter I. to chapter XI. Book III. describes the occurrences from the time of quitting Port Jackson in 1803, to returning to England in 1810.

Chapter I. to chapter IX. a valuable appendix follows, containing an account of the observations, by which the longitudes of places on the east and north coasts of the Terra Australis have been settled. On the error of the compass arising from attractions within the ship, and others from the magnetism of land, with precautions for obviating their effects in marine surveying....General remarks, geographical, and systematical, on the botany of Terra Australis, by Robert Brown, F. R. S. naturalist to the voyage.

Under this latter head will be found a very curious classification, and botanical history of various remarkable plants discovered in New Holland. The collection of Australian plants, as made by Mr. Brown, amounts to nearly 3900 species. Some selected few are finely exemplified by plates.

These volumes are, otherwise, enriched with a view from the south side of King George's Sound....The entrance of Port Lincoln taken from behind Memory Cove....The



north side of Kangaroo's Island....Port Jackson, taken from the South Head....Port Bowen, from behind the watering Gully....Murray's Islands, with the natives offering to barter....Sir Edward Pellew's group; Gulph of Carpentaria....Malay road, from Pobassoo's Island....Wreck Reef Bank, taken at low water.

These are also accompanied by an atlas, on a grand scale, comprehending a general chart of Terra Australis and the neighbouring lands, from lat.  $7^{\circ}$  to  $44\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$  south, and long.  $102^{\circ}$  to  $165^{\circ}$  east....Particular chart of the South Coast, from Captain Leeuwin to the Archipelago of the Recherche....From the Archipelago of the Recherche to past the head of the great Australian Bight....From the head of the great Australian Bight to past Encounter Bay....From near Encounter Bay to Cape Otway, at the west entrance of Bass' Strait....From Cape Otway, past Cape Howe, to Barmouth Creek....Of Van Diemen's Land....Of the East Coast, from Barmouth Creek to past Cape Hawke....From near Cape Hawke to past Glass-house Bay....From Glass-house Bay to Broad Sound....From Broad Sound to Cape Grafton....From Cape Grafton to the Isle of Direction....Of the East Coast, from the Isle of Direction to Cape York, and of the North Coast, from thence to Pera Head, including Torres' Strait, and parts of New Guinea....Of the North Coast, from Torres' Strait to Point Dale and the Wessel's Islands, including the whole of the Gulph of Carpentaria....The north west side of the Gulph of Carpentaria, on a large scale....Of Timor, and some neighbouring islands....Fourteen views of headlands, &c. on the south coast of Terra Australis....Thirteen views on east and north coasts; and, one of Samow Strait.

Upon the whole we consider the maritime world, in general, greatly indebted to the indefatigable zeal of this gentleman; who, under circumstances of unprecedented oppression, on the one side; and of unprecedented neglect, on the other, has still been able to record his own merit, and to enlighten mankind.

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ART. IV.—*A Letter from Paris*, to George Petre, Esq. By the Rev. John Chetwode Eustace. Octavo. pp. 98. 4s. Mawman. 1814.

The public is much obliged to my Lord Carrington, who, in the month of June last, had the good fortune to

prevail with our author to accompany him in a tour to Paris.

By this short publication, we are taught to feel what a traveller ought to be. We find classic taste directing inquiry, and confirmed judgment embellishing description. We trace the scholar, the historian, the politician, and the divine, throughout the whole of this gentleman's reflections, on the actual state of men and things in the infidel city of Paris.

But his talents are well known to the public, as the author of a *Classical Tour through Italy*; a work which has commanded the applause of every reader, and warmed the chill apathies of the stern reviewer into a glow of spirited admiration. We shall be copious with our extracts.

France, during the space of twenty-four years, has passed through all the gradations of revolution and rebellion, of civil and external war, of anarchy and despotism, of republican and military government. In the progress of revolutionary madness, a plan was formed the most daring and the most sacrilegious ever conceived, of annihilating all the institutions of thirty millions of people; of suppressing all that had previously existed, and replacing the whole religious and civil system, by new and unauthorized whims and theories. Thus an attempt was made to strike out one link in the chain of generations, to separate man from his God and his ancestors, to deprive him of all the lights of history, and all the benefits of experience, and to let him loose upon himself and his fellow creatures, untutored, undisciplined, without any guide but passion, any impulse but interest. In order to realize this project of gigantic atheism, France was first detached from the European republic; the associated firm of Christian and civilized states; its religious institutions, its universities, schools, and academies, its abbies and hospitals were suppressed; its parliaments and courts of justice, its customs and its laws were abolished; its armies were dissolved, reorganized, new modelled, new named; its banners, which had so often led its legions to victory, and had waved with honor in every quarter of the globe, were trampled upon, and its *oriflamme*, the proud standard of its monarchs, the object of the love and the adoration of every French soldier, announcing by the lilies of gold on the argent field; the honor, the gentleness and the gallantry of the monarch and of his knights, the *oriflamme*, was consigned to revolutionary fire, and succeeded by the tawdry tricolor of the republic, and the rapacious eagle of the empire. This system of complete disorganization was carried on through every period and by every party that succeeded each other during the whole revolution; sometimes indeed with less publicity but always with equal art and perseverance. To trace the effects of such a system operating for a considerable time on a country of

such extent and population, is part of the occupation of a traveller, who looks beyond mere amusement, and endeavours to turn the excursion of the season to some permanent advantage.'

After having made these prefatory reflections, our author proceeds to describe the scenery of France, which, like that of the continent in general, he tells us, is upon a larger scale than that of England. The vales spread wider....the hills form more extended swells....and forests will, sometimes, sweep over hills and dales, forming a shade to border the horizon.

The public roads are, principally, lined with fruit-trees, or lofty elms; and often in double or triple rows.

Cultivation, he describes to be carried on, throughout the interior, with the utmost vigour. Not a spot of earth appears to have escaped the industry and vigilance of the husbandman; but he confesses not so much to describe the real, as the apparent cultivation of the country. An English farmer might discover much bad husbandry.

Roads, wide, straight, generally paved in the middle, and always excellent, intersect this scene of fertility, and conduct the traveller from post to post with ease and rapidity. We must recollect, however, that Mr. Eustace is on the road from Calais to Paris.

The towns are, generally, well built, and far superior to our county towns in stateliness and solidity. Some exhibit magnificent monuments of the grandeur of ancient France.

'So far the picture is pleasing; but its colors will lose much of their brilliancy when I inform you, that the villages and towns are crowded with beggars, and that whenever you stop, your carriage is instantly surrounded with a groupe of objects the most miserable and disgusting. In a country where the poor and the distressed are abandoned to the charity of individuals, the number of mendicants must be greater than in one where public provision is made for the suffering class: *this* is true; yet the number, who in France fall under that denomination, seems to me far beyond the usual proportion, especially as idleness in a country so well cultivated, can scarcely be the cause of such poverty; nor is it a mere pretence employed to extort donations, as the haggard looks, the nakedness, and oftentimes the ulcer and the deformities of the claimants too clearly prove its reality. In truth, there is great poverty in France; and however fertile the soil, a very small portion of its produce seems to fall to the lot of the common people.

'But, besides this poverty, there is also a great appearance of depopulation. The signs of this depopulation, are the ruinous state

of many, or rather most, of the towns. The bustle and activity of life seems confined to the market-place, and its immediate vicinity; the more remote streets, and the skirts of the towns, are scarcely, and the best very thinly, inhabited. Most of the large houses seem abandoned, and in a state of dilapidation; while the convents, the colleges, and other pious establishments, untenanted and in ruin, seem as if abandoned to the shades of their former possessors, and left to reproach the present, and to menace the future generation. The chateaus have in many places shared the fate of their contemporary abbeys; and, like them, have been destroyed, or left to moulder in gradual decay. The villages, formerly enlivened by the presence of their lords, whether laymen or monks, and enriched by their expenditure, now pine in want and silence; the cottages are ill-repaired; the employment of the peasants is irregular, and consequently their maintenance is precarious. The conscription came to fill up the measure of their sufferings, and to complete the depopulation of the country; and when you are informed, that in the space of two years, one million five hundred thousand men were levied in France, or sent from her frontiers, you will not be surprised at her present depopulation.

‘ You will naturally ask, how the country can be so well cultivated, if the population be so much diminished? The question is natural, but not difficult to answer. The farmers assure you, that the operations of agriculture are carried on by old men, women, and children; and few, indeed, of any other description are to be seen, either in the fields, on the roads, or in public places. These exertions, premature in boys, and misplaced in women, must not only check the growth of the rising generation, but eventually degrade the sex, whose virtues are principally domestic, and whose charms shed their best influence around the fire-side and give to home all its attractions. Add to this evil, another of equal magnitude; employment of children in their infancy, by calling them away from home, withdraws them from the control, and deprives them of the instructions and the example of all others the most important, because to them the infant owes the first ideas of decency, the first emotions of piety, the sentiments and the manners that raise the citizen above the savage, the Christian above the barbarian. To deprive children, therefore, of this early tuition, and to let them loose unrestrained in the fields, is to abandon them to the innate corruption of their own hearts, and to fit them beforehand for guilt and profligacy. Accordingly, vice and ferocity seem imprinted on the countenances of many of the rising generation; and have effaced those features of joy and good humour, and that merry grinace, which was supposed to characterize even the infants of ancient France.

‘ You are now probably prepared to hear without astonishment, that there are supposed to be at present twelve women to one effective man.’

The view of St. Denis is powerfully descriptive of the horror of a revolution.

'The country by no means improves as you approach Paris. The post next to it is St. Denis, a little town remarkable for two churches, the one a very handsome modern structure, the other the ancient and venerable abbey, which gave its name to the town that gradually rose around it, and flourished under its patronage. It was founded in honor of the martyred bishop Dionysius the apostle of Gaul, by Dagobert, a prince of the Merovingian race; and was thus almost coeval with the monarchy. Its abbots distinguished themselves by their talents and their integrity, during many an eventful year; and so interwoven was its history with that of the country, that the annals of St. Denis became the records of France. It was honored in a particular manner by the royal family, and was from its foundation the mausoleum of the sovereigns of France. It was at an early period burned by the Normans in one of their predatory inroads, but restored with increased magnificence, and sometime after rebuilt in its present form by Suger, the celebrated abbot, who governed France as regent in the absence of St. Lewis. Its decorations, as may easily be supposed, were worthy its antiquity and high destination; and fretted vaults, and storied windows, and rich shrines, and marble altars, combined their influence to heighten its majesty, and to awe and delight the spectator. It was served by a numerous fraternity of learned and holy monks; fumes of incense ascended daily from its altars; and morning, noon, and night, the tones of the organ, and the notes of the choir, echoed from its vaults. Such was St. Denis in its glory and such I beheld it in the year 1790.

'In 1802, I revisited it. The ruins of the abbey strewed the ground. The church stood stript and profaned; the wind roared through the unglazed windows, and murmured round the vaults; the rain dropt from the roof, and deluged the pavement; the royal dead had been torn from the repositories of departed greatness; the bones of heroes had been made the playthings of children, and the dust of monarch had been scattered to the wind. The clock alone remained in the tower, tolling every quarter, as if to measure the time permitted to the *abomination of desolation*, and record each repeated act of sacrilege and impiety.'

Our author passes into the city, through the gate of St. Denis, a triumphal arch erected in honor of Louis XIV. the architecture of which is not remarkable for grace of proportions, or beauty of ornament. This leads to a long narrow street, with lofty houses on either side, a stream of black mire in the middle, and stench and noisomeness all around. Nor does the stranger perceive much improvement as he advances into the capital. All the streets of Paris are nar-



row, dark, and disgusting. Here a most descriptive sketch of the city follows, including the royal palaces, bridges, and public buildings, &c. &c.

‘ In churches, notwithstanding the devastations of the revolution and the treacherous indifference of Napoleon’s government, Paris is still rich ; and though Notre Dame is inferior to Westminster, and Sainte Genevieve, to St. Paul’s; though the portico of St. Martin’s, St. George’s, Bloomsbury, and St. George’s, Hanover Square, are more simple and correct than any similar decoration in the French capital ; yet, not only two churches which I have mentioned, but St. Roch, St. Sulpice, St. Eustache, and that of the Invalids, are most noble edifices, and far superior in magnitude to all the churches in London, with exception of St. Paul’s and Westminster. In interior decorations and splendor, even these sink into insignificance compared with the Parisian temples. The superiority of the latter in this respect, is to be ascribed, not only to the majestic character of the predominant religion, and to the more active piety of its votaries, but to the prevalency of a purer state, which proscribes pews and screens, and central pulpits, with every contrivance to encumber the pavement and to obstruct the general view ; and which at the same time requires, that the interior of churches should be embellished with as much care and attention as other public edifices, and that the table of the Lord should be graced with as much decency, as an ordinary sideboard. I have said, notwithstanding the devastations of the revolution ; previous to that explosion of national phrenzy, there were in Paris two hundred and twenty-two churches, of which forty-five were parochial ; of these there remain twelve parochial and twenty-seven *succursals* or minor parish churches, in all thirty-nine churches for public or parochial service. The others have either been demolished, or turned into manufactories, schools, or granaries. The greater part of those which remained, were pillaged, stripped of all their marble, brass, statues, paintings, and even altars and pulpits, the painted windows were not often spared, and the lead and copper of the roof not unfrequently carried off. Thus they were all reduced to a lamentable state of degradation, nakedness, and gradual decay ; and in that state, they remained till the religion of the nation once more became that of the state : Christianity resumed its external honors. The attention of government was then directed to the preservation of the churches ; but as Napoleon acted more from political than religious motives, and confined his liberality within the narrowest bounds of strict necessity, the work of restoration proceeded slowly ; and many, or rather most churches still exhibit the traces of revolutionary profanation.’

The stranger’s curiosity to contemplate the celebrated statues and paintings that adorn the capital of France, will naturally lead him to visit this magnificent collection ; but

when the first transports of admiration shall subside, with what sentiments of indignation will he not reflect on the rapacious violence, and sacrilegious despotism, that has robbed half Europe of its dearest treasures, and stolen from the sacred altars those splendid appendages, with which piety and wealth had laboured to adorn them.

‘ You of course expect some observations on the two celebrated collections of statues and of pictures, which are supposed to render Paris the seat of the arts, and to give it a superiority over Rome itself, with all its antiquities and all its glories. The subject is too extensive for a letter; we must therefore confine ourselves to a few observations.

‘ The collections occupy part of the ground floor of the old *Louvre*, and the whole of the new *Louvre*, or the gallery of communication between the *Thuilleries* and the former palace. The lower halls are consecrated to the statues, and are seven in number, including the vestibule; some are paved with marble, and the ceilings of all are painted: their magnitude is not striking with the exception of the hall, which was opened, and furnished the latest, called the *Salle des Fleuves*.

‘ These halls contain more than three hundred statues, almost all ancient, most excellent in their kind, and some considered as the masterpieces of the art, and the greatest efforts of Grecian talent. Such an assemblage is, without doubt striking, and must, we should naturally imagine, excite the greatest admiration and delight. Yet, unfortunately, there are circumstances which, if I may judge from my own feelings, and the feelings of many foreign, and even some French spectators, diminish both our pleasure and our astonishment at such an extraordinary exhibition. In the first place, the halls are not embellished in such a style of magnificence as becomes the combination of wonders which they contain; in the next place they are too gloomy; and in the third, the arrangement is extremely defective.

‘ Sculpture and architecture are sister arts; they ought to be inseparable; the living forms of the former are made to grace and enliven the palaces and the temples of the latter. Besides, the emperors of Rome and the deities of Greece at enthroned under columns, or stood enshrined in the midst of marble porticoes; a flood of light burst upon the domes over their heads, and all the colors of marble gleamed from the pavement and played round their pedestals. Thus encircled with light, and glory, and beauty, they appeared an ancient Athens and in modern Rome, each, according to its dignity, in its niche of honor, or in its separate temple, high above the crowd, and distinguished as much by its site as by its excellence.

‘ How degraded are the captive gods and emperors, the imprisoned heroes and sages of the *Louvre*! The floors are flagged, the walls are plastered, the ceilings arched, the windows rare; a few scanty beams

just glare on the lifeless forms, as if to shew the paleness of the marble, and the confusion in which gods and animals, heroes and vases, historical beings and mythological fables crowd around.

' The Laocoon and the Apollo of Belvidere, it is true, occupy the most distinguished place, each in its particular hall; but the way to the latter is obstructed by a whole line of minor forms; and in his haste to contemplate the matchless groupe of the former, the spectator stumbles upon the Venus of Medicis!

' It would be absurd to say, that France is deficient in artists, or that her artists are all deficient in taste; but it may happen that in France, as well as in many other countries, the best artists are not always the most favoured; and that it is much easier to sovereigns to give employment, than to endow those whom it employs with judgment and abilities.

' Statues, like pictures, one would imagine, ought to be arranged so as to form the history of the art; so as to lead the spectator from the first efforts of untutored nature, to the bold outline of the Egyptians, to the full, the breathing perfection of the Greeks.

' Vases might precede the forms of animals, animals might lead to men, to heroes, to sages, and to gods. Altars and tripods might be placed before the divinities to which they are sacred; and the few grand master-pieces might stand each in the center of its own temple, and be allowed to engross the admiration of those who entered its sanctuary. If the classics furnish any reference or elucidation, it might be inscribed in marble tablets on the walls; and Virgil and Homer might be employed in developing the design of the sculptor, or the sculptor become the commentator of Virgil and Homer.

' From the Halls of Statues a most magnificent flight of stone steps, adorned by marble pillars, leads to the gallery of pictures. The spectator ascends with a pleasure that increases as he passes the noble saloon serving as an antichamber to the museum; but when he stands at its entrance, and beholds a gallery of fourteen hundred feet extending in immeasurable perspective before him, he starts with surprise and admiration. The variety of tints that line the sides, the splendid glow of the gilding above, the blaze that breaks through the lateral windows, and the tempered lights that fall from the roof mingle together in the perspective, and from a most singular and fascinating combination of light and shade, of splendor and obscurity.

' The pictures are arranged according to the schools; and the schools are divided by marble pillars. Of these divisions some are lighted from above, while others are exposed to the glare of cross lights from the lateral windows; a defect which I believe is to be remedied. The French school comes first in place, and from it the spectator passes to the Dutch, the German, and the Italian schools. Little can be objected to this arrangement: but the impartial critic may be disposed to complain, when he finds Claude Lorrain, a German by birth, and an Italian by education ranked among French painters; when he sees the composition of modern artists, whose names

are little known, and whose title to fame is not certainly yet established, placed on a line with the acknowledged masters of the art; and when he discovers the glare and contortion of David's figures starting on the very walls that display the calmness and the repose of Poussin's scenery. In truth the former artist, to the national defects of glitter, bustle, and contortion, has superadded the absurdity of degrading Greek and Roman heroes into revolutionary assassins, and converting the sternness of Brutus and of Cato into the infernal grin of Marat and Robespierre.

'To complain of the number of pictures in a gallery would be unreasonable; yet we may be permitted to observe, that many splendid objects when united eclipse each other; and that master-pieces, placed in contact, must necessarily dazzle the eye and divide the attention. Paintings, therefore, which are confessedly the first specimens of the art, ought to be placed separate, each in its own apartment, under the influence of a light peculiarly its own, and with all its appropriate accompaniments.

'Having thus spoken with due admiration of this astonishing collection, I must particularly as a stranger mention with becoming applause and acknowledgment, the very liberal regulations which open it on stated occasions to the French public, and at all times (Sunday only excepted) to foreigners. No apprehension seems to be entertained of mischief, either from design or negligence, or awkwardness, and little or no superintendency is employed to prevent it: these treasures of ancient and modern art are trusted without diffidence to the taste and the honor of the public.'

Our author takes a classical survey of the different orders of architecture prevalent in the public edifices. Speaking of the Thuilleries, he says, there is scarce a spot in the interior furniture of this palace, or in the decorations of the vault of the gallery, or in the edifices newly erected, or in the old ones repaired, where an N, or a bee, or an eagle, or a thunderbolt, or the words, Jena, Austerlitz, Marengo, &c. &c. are not discernible.

What a painful memento must these records of human vanity prove to the Bourbons!

We conclude with the following affecting picture.

'But the military system received its full perfection from the genius of Bonaparte: he interwove it into all the institutions of the country, into all the offices of life, into all the operations of government, and even into all the intercourse of society. Prints and pictures, songs and stories, shews, exhibitions, and amusements, all were employed as vehicles of this spirit; and it would have been wonderful indeed, if accompanied by so many victories abroad, and by so many pageants at home, it had not become the prevailing taste of the nation;

and if France itself had not been converted into a camp, and every child a soldier.

‘ Now what was the spirit of the French army under Napoleon ; a spirit of atheism and vice almost incredible. The French soldier was taught to adore his emperor and to obey his officers, and this was his only creed, his only duty : beyond this he was abandoned to his own discretion, that is to his passions and to his ignorance ; and encouraged to give every appetite its full play. Hence those scenes of rapine, lust and cruelty, exhibited in Spain and Portugal, and all the accumulated woes of unhappy Germany : I shall be told without doubt by the panegyrists of Napoleon, that soldiers of all nations are disorderly and vicious, and that the British army itself has left some memorials of its lawless spirit at Badajoz and St. Sebastian. But if armies, formed of individuals, whose minds, in general at least, have been seasoned by christian instruction, and whose consciences, however defiled, are yet alive to the distinction between right and wrong, and awake to the pangs of remorse, and the terrors of divine vengeance ; if armies acting under officers of principle, honor, and humanity, and kept in constant check, not only by the authority of their superiors, but by the more powerful influence of the opinion and the estimation of their Christian countrymen, are yet so depraved and so mischievous, so apt to indulge foul passions, and to perpetrate deeds of cruelty, what must an army be, when free from all these wholesome restraints, when ignorant and regardless of virtue and of vice, without fear of God, without respect for themselves or their fellow-creatures, without one thought or one wish beyond the moment, and scoffing alike at the hopes and the terrors of immortality.

‘ Such an army is a confederacy of banditti, a legion of demons, let loose upon the creation to disfigure and to destroy its beauties. Now, into this school of wickedness every youth in France was compelled to enter ; and it is easy to imagine the deep, the indelible impression which the blasphemies, and the crimes of so many thousand fiends, must make upon the minds of boys of seventeen. The previous instructions, even of pious parents, cannot be supposed to resist, for any time, the deadly influence of such conversation and example ; while if the mind be not fortified by holy lessons, but, on the contrary, present a mere blank to its action, rapid indeed will be the work of perdition, and deep and lasting its impression.

‘ When it is considered how often the ranks of the French army have been thinned and filled up again, and how often swept totally away and renewed, it will be easy to form an idea of the prodigious multitudes that must have passed through it, and consequently how far its influence must have extended, and to what degree its spirit and character must have become the spirit and the character of the nation itself. In truth, few among the younger part of the community can possibly have escaped the contagion ; and it will not be exaggeration to say, that in no country has atheism, perfect, practical atheism, made such an awful progress as in France, and now here more com-



pletely debased the human mind, and deprived it of every semblance of virtue, every spark of worth and generosity.'

**ART. V.—*Greece*;** a poem; in three parts; with notes, classical illustrations, and sketches of the scenery. By William Haygarth, Esq. A.M. Quarto. Pp. 304. With plates. £2. 12s. 6d. 1814.

THIS work, although unequal in its merits, cannot be otherwise esteemed, than as a spirited display of poetic genius, embellished by classic study, and enriched by profound research. It presents us with a comparative view of ancient and modern Greece, from the animated pencil of a master; and, the grandeur of the subject is, every way, worthy of the accomplished artist.

Throughout the tasteful scenery, thus offered to our admiration, we own our feelings captive. A kind of magic transports us to the objects variously portrayed: we contemplate them with enthusiasm: sympathy awakens in our minds; and we linger, as we pursue, the rich variety that embodies 'the feast of reason with the flow of soul.'

The volume opens with an invocation; in course of which, the reader is invited to the banquet.

\* Ye then endow'd with nature's fairest gifts,  
Children of taste and fancy, in whose hearts  
The flood of life beats quicker, when ye hear  
The song of ancient times, th' immortal tale  
Of bold heroic deeds, and firm resolve  
And dauntless enterprise; whose kindling eyes  
Flash indignation on the servile lays  
Of minions crouching at a tyrant's throne,  
But glow with transport at the deathless hymn  
Raised to the godlike men, who bar'd their breasts,  
And wing'd their bloody falchions in defence  
Of sacred liberty: ye who can find  
In ev'ry mould'ring stone, and moss-grown shaft,  
A voice, whose eloquence can touch the heart  
With more true sympathy than all the pomp  
Of involuted periods; ye who love  
Majestic nature, and delight to trace  
Her solitary steps amidst the wilds  
Of rude magnificence, attend my song,  
And I will lead you by a varied way

O'er riven rocks, that lean upon the breast  
Of the dark billow, by the yawning gulph  
Of hideous caverns, through the shade of woods,  
And scenes immortalised in Grecian strains.'

What was Greece; and how did it acquire its ancient  
renown....its proud superiority?

By emulation!

' Warm'd into life, and cherish'd by the breath  
Of popular applause, amidst these schools  
The arts put forth their tender shoots, and bloom'd  
With more than mortal beauty. Sculpture's hand  
Rounded the marble to a living form;  
Painting suspended her heroic tales  
In the vast temple for her country's eye;  
The muse of history from fable's rust  
Cleans'd time's dark tablets, and aloud proclaim'd,  
The wond'rous legends to impatient crowds;  
Whilst poesy and song uniting pour'd  
The tide of rapture on the yielding soul.  
Blest country! where each lab'ring hind confess'd,  
The charm of fancy, and, unskill'd himself  
In art, admir'd the artist's magic pow'rs.'

Greece, thus, became the soil of erudition....the habitation of the arts. In Pausanius we have a description of the magnificent aspect it presented in the reign of Antoninus Pius; and, we are lost in admiration, of the number and beauty of the temples, pictures, and statues, which he enumerates.

But, in Greece, if an artist produced a work of talent, he was declared to have ennobled the city of his birth. His performance was recited at the Olympic games, or displayed in the temples, and the successful candidate was presented to the gaze of an applauding multitude. This was the emulative spark, that kindled the glowing flame of genius, and gave it deserved supremacy.

The classic scholar weeps over desolated Athens; and exclaims where are, now, the Grecian gymnasium? where the learned academies? where her seminaries of instruction? where her teachers? where, in short, is the Grecian language?

But the coldly calculating statesman feels not...or will not feel....that the arts are essential to national prosperity. He gives a liberally fostering hand to commerce, to agri-

culture, and to manufactures; but he is supinely ignorant, that the name of Athens has survived the wreck of many ages; not only on account of the high degree of attainments it acquired in the fine arts; but, in consequence of the eloquence of its orators, and the excellence of its civil and political institutions....all of which, denote security, freedom and happiness!

Their areopagus, had attained so sublime a reputation, that the gods were figuratively supposed to assist at its deliberations; while neighbouring and independent princes, voluntarily, submitted their disputes to its august decisions.

In proportion, therefore, as the solitary man of science appreciates the character of the ancient Greeks, he will explore the constitutional coldness of our modern policy, which mechanically sacrifices, to the immediate and transitory advantages of commerce, the stable and permanent honors of our empire, that ought to be, in all things, pre-eminent.

Under the disadvantages of national apathy, and neglected science, our author, confessing himself unknown, has ventured on the expensive publication of a classical work, descriptive of the scenery, manners, and antiquities of the Greeks. This work was designed in the country it so beautifully illustrates, and was partly written, in Athens, during the winter of 1311: it is ornamented by engravings, accurately copied from sketches, taken by the author, who pledges himself for their fidelity.

Every passage of this poem, clothed in the noble and energetic measure of blank verse, leads to beautiful imagery; let us pause at the following concise description of melancholy.....

‘ But where pointed cliffs  
Rise bleak and savage, and the gather’d shade  
Of melancholy cypress veils the day;  
Where not a sound is heard, save the dank drop  
Of water from a cave, or falling leaf  
Breaking the deathlike silence, there the form  
Of madness rests upon his bed of flint:  
His hand is clenched across his throbbing breast,  
His pale limbs, shrinking to the blast, are bound  
With tattered rags, his matted hair entwined  
With reed and wither’d flow’rs, half shrouds a cheek  
That never smiles, an eye that cannot weep.’

This scene is contrasted with the smiling plenty of the Thessalian plains, renowned for its earliest acquisitions in the arts and sciences.

• Whilst yet the rest of Greece was sunk in night,  
The earliest dawn of science and of art  
Beamed on these plains; their subtle tenants first  
Moulded the lyre's rude form, and from its strings  
Drew forth to list'ning crowds the solemn notes  
Of Harmony; they first with daring hand,  
Rein'd the proud steed, and taught him to obey  
The curb and goad, and from his pastures wild  
Led him the future partner of their toils,  
In chase and battle; not to them unknown  
The potent virtues of each herb and flow'r;  
They first, with skill sagacious, bruise'd the stem,  
Mingled the juices, and to suffer'ing man  
Held out the draught to cool his feverish lip.

• Then happy were thy plains, O Thessaly!  
Thy tower'd cities deck'd the wide expanse,  
With opulence and splendour; plenty round  
Amidst her golden harvests, and her fields  
Smiling with vintage honours; industry  
Bent cheerful to his daily task, and eas'd  
His labours with a song; at the hoarse blast  
Of war, wide gleam'd thy champaign with the blaze  
Of waving crests and lances, as thy sons  
Arm'd for the battle; and where peace display'd  
Her branch of olive, joyous they return'd  
To clasp a lovely offspring at their gates.  
Such were thy sons, alas! what are they now?

Pursuing his labour, our author, severally, depicts the various cities of Greece. He reproaches Sparta; and gives to Corinth its merited applause; interweaving the dignified records of history, with the sweet simplicities of artless anecdote, much in the style of Thomson.

His vision of the deity of Athens, who passes a splendid pageant before his imagination, will be read with great interest. It variegates the emblems of smiling peace, with the horrors of civil war...

• Ill far'd the beauteous city in those days—  
Famine stalk'd raving through her silent streets  
And stern oppression drew the galling chains  
Close round her captive feet: whilst want  
Stretched forth her with'ring hand, and blasted all her fields.

We cannot resist giving the following invocation to Britain, in favour of oppressed....degraded....Greece!

‘ And O my country ! let thy voice be heard  
 Amidst the din of battle, like the cry  
 Of the wild eagle in the tempest’s roar ;  
 When Hellas rises to assert her rights,  
 Be not far from her : let thy chieftains sage  
 Direct the onset, and thy hardy sons  
 Be foremost in the fight which Britons love,  
 The fight for liberty. When tortur’d Greece  
 Raises her supplicating eyes to thee,  
 Turn not away, nor let thy virtuous name,  
 Pledg’d to a faithless horde of infidels,  
 Be made the safeguard of her tyrants—No—  
 Rather let your united legions guide  
 The bolt of vengeance, that the cross may shine  
 Once more upon the Hellespont, and prayers  
 Of christian sanctity again be heard  
 Within Istambol’s \* domes. To raise thine arm  
 Between th’oppressor and oppress’d, to break  
 The fetters of the captive, and declare  
 That the poor slave who treads thy shores, is free,  
 Has always been thy high prerogative ;  
 Hence thou art happy, and whilst Europe seems  
 One dismal dungeon, circled in with walls  
 Of steel, and watch’d by sleepless sentinels,  
 The natives of thy soil still feel the breath  
 Of freedom fan their cheeks. Thou stand’st alone  
 With thy few warriors in the narrow pass,  
 The world’s Thermopylæ, and whilst one hand  
 Waves the red sabre of thy righteous cause,  
 The other proffers to a sinful world  
 The gospel, and lets fall the healing dews  
 Of charity upon the fester’d wounds  
 Of suffering mortals, hence my bosom glows  
 With gratitude that I was born thy son ;  
 And these thy deeds of mercy and of peace  
 Shall more avail thee in the dreadful hour  
 Of peril, than that thine unconquer’d fleets  
 Have borne their thunders o’er the distant wave,  
 Where keel ne’er plough’d before ; or that a host  
 Of eastern potentates, with bended knee,  
 Crouch at the footstool of thy gorgeous throne.  
 ‘ Yes, wretched Greece ! beneath my country’s shield

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\* Constantinople



Thou still may'st vanquish and be free again ;  
 Oppressions hand is faint with tort'ring thee,  
 And droops its palsied strength. Thou hast aton'd,  
 By a long age of agony and grief,  
 For all thy former vices, and the tears  
 Pour'd down thy bosom, in the bitter hour  
 Of thy captivity, have wash'd the stains  
 Of guilt which sullied thy historic page.  
 The storm has spent its rage, an eve of peace  
 Breaks o'er the bosom of thy troubled sea.  
 Thy Moslem tyrants totter on their thrones,  
 And soon would fall, but that the deadly fends  
 Of christians (shame to Europe and her sons)  
 Have propp'd the crumbling fabric of their pow'r.  
 Yes, wretched Greece ! thy sons may still be free—  
 The manly brow, though daunted, not subdued,  
 The hyacinthan locks that clust'ring hang  
 O'er their broad shoulders, the well moulded limb,  
 The graceful form, the dark eye, flashing fire,  
 Attest the progeny of those who bled  
 At Marathon, and promise future deeds  
 To rival the achievements of their sires.  
 ' I hear the echoes of the rustic pipe  
 Warbling the pleasures of a pastoral life ;  
 I listen to the spirit stirring ode  
 Calling on Sparta's children to be free.  
 O liberty and rural peace—what more  
 Can mortals pray for ? the awak'ning muse,  
 Bursting the leaden slumbers which so long  
 Have quench'd the fire of her divinity,  
 Snatches her shell to sing these joyful themes,  
 And sweeps the chords, bending with heav'nly smile  
 To catch the well-known sounds. A barb'rous jar  
 Of gingling dissonance grates on her ear.  
 At which she starts confused, and from her hand  
 Her lyre drops unsupported to the ground,  
 ' But she shall seize it in some brighter hour,  
 When her long night of tyranny is passed,  
 And the deep moanings which now swell around,  
 Fall faint and fainter on the passing breeze.  
 Then a new race of bards shall rise ; the harps  
 Long silent shall once more with measur'd strain  
 Join in the lofty chorus ; skies as clear  
 As in their happiest age, and scenes as grand  
 As their own Homer once transported view'd,  
 Shall aid their raptures and inspire their song.  
 The Arts shall raise their mournful eye, the tear  
 Of sorrow shall be dried, save when it falls

In silent sympathy of pictur'd woe.  
 Again the voice of freedom shall be heard  
 Amidst her cavern'd fastnesses, and hosts  
 Embattled round her spear shall guard her vales  
 From hostile insult. Greece shall smile again,  
 And the fair wreaths which for her youth she wove  
 Shall twine fresh tendrils round her aged brow.'

This closes the poem.

Among his illustrations will be found a very pleasing and minute description of Ali Pasha's court, to which our author was admitted to the honor of an audience.... The chamber of state to which he was introduced, was very gaudily ornamented with gilding and painting, covered with a mat, and surrounded by low couches. On the walls were suspended sabres, guns, and rich garments.

At his presentation, he found Ali seated cross legged on the divan, at the extreme corner of the room. He did not rise, but made a sign to his visitor to advance and sit near him. Immediately, an attendant approached, and making a low obeisance, presented him with a pipe of an enormous length, the ball of which, another attendant placed on a small silver salver, to relieve the intolerable fatigue of supporting its weight. After a few whiffs, coffee was brought in handsome china cups, enclosing others of silver.

Ali Pasha is about sixty years of age, courteous in his manners, and not betraying in his countenance any marks of the ferocity of his heart. He speaks with a smile, but owes his advancement to a series of successful crimes.... He is a barbarian in his passions, cruel to the last degree; and rapacious, even beyond the common rapacity of a Turkish governor. He is one of the most powerful of the Turkish Pashas, and may be considered an independent Prince.

In his own person, and that of his family, Ali governs nearly the whole of ancient Greece. His alliance has been much courted by the French, who offered to make him King of Epirus. He, however, wisely distrusted their proffered friendship, and maintains a close connection with our court.

The situation of Joannina, the capital of Ali, is described, together with the customs, manners, and politics

of the inhabitants. Our author gives us a distressing characteristic anecdote of Ali's disposition.

\* The Pasha happening, one morning, to pay a visit to the wife of his son Moachtar, found her bathed in tears. Enquiring the cause, he was informed, by the lady, that she could never be happy whilst Phrosyne, and sixteen other Greek females, who excelled her in beauty, were permitted to live and estrange her husband's affections from her. Upon this malignant representation, by order of the Pasha, the ill-fated Phrosyne and her companions were enclosed in a sack, and thrown into the lake of Joannina.

Pindus, one of the abodes of the muses, is represented as combining some of the grandest scenery of Greece. Rugged and precipitous, it impresses the mind of the traveller with ideas of wildness and solitude, so favourable to the cultivation of poetic genius.

On Helicon, on Parnassus, and on Pindus, the muses are supposed, by the Greeks, to retreat amid the savage grandeur of over hanging cliffs, and the roar of winter torrents. The whole passage of Pindus is finely drawn; giving us a view of the river Peneus, bursting through the barriers of Ossa and Olympus, where those gigantic mountains were severed by the convulsions of an earthquake. We find in Cowper, from Homer,

' Olympus, by repute, th' eternal seat,  
Of the ethereal powers, which never stornis  
Disturb, rains drench, or snow invades, but calm  
Th' expanse and cloudless shines with purest day.'

By the measurement of Mr. Bernouilli, this mountain is in height 1017 toises, or 2167 yards.

This terrific scenery is contrasted with the mild beauties of the Thessalian plains. Here fertility takes place of barrenness, and the eye, instead of being confined in its range, by the close and overhanging masses of cliff and precipice, expatiates, at large, over a vast plain, bounded by gently swelling hills, and fading at a great distance in the horizon. Instead of the hardy mountaineer, wrapped in his rough cloak, and following his herd of goats down the craggy sides of a fearful precipice, we behold the husbandman, in his white linen dress, leaning over his

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\* This anecdote is related, but not precisely the same way, by Lord Byron in his *Giaour*.—EDITOR.

ploughshare; or returning home, at the fall of eve, in his rustic car.

This car is truly Homeric. Amid the luxuriance of vegetation, the cheerful prospect is animated with vineyards, corn fields, and mulberry groves. The latter are planted for nourishment of the silk worm. On the former, we may say with the Greek poet,

'Mark how the branches of that vine  
Around the wither'd plane tree twine,  
And o'er its old and feeble head  
A young and blooming foliage spread.  
That vine beneath its friendly shade  
Its op'ning beauties first display'd,  
And dar'd with modest grace unfold  
Its verdant leaves and fruits of gold.  
So may my youth's soft moments share  
Some lovely fair one's tend'rest care,  
Who, amid death's e'er shadowing gloom,  
Will hang in sorrow o'er my tomb.'

The Thessalians, as the poem records, were the earliest in the acquirement of the arts and sciences. The harp of Grecian poetry, touched by the hands of Orpheus, was first heard in the Thessalian plains. Nor is Corinthess celebrated.

'For here the graphic art essay'd its pow'rs,  
And on thy walls the love-sick maid first drew  
The human form, the image of the youth  
Torn from her arms.'.....

We cannot trace the objects of curiosity, alluded to in the poem, as they occur; but we must slightly speak of the cave of Trophonius.

Pausanias tells us, 'that this celebrated cave was situated in a grove on the mountain; that the excavation was not natural, but effected by art; that, in form, it resembled an oven; and lastly, that the diameter was four cubits.' High cliffs rise, perpendicularly, above it, and near the mouth of the cave, are several oblong excavations in the wall, of different sizes....probably, for the reception of statues, or tablets bearing inscriptions. It is, now, entered by ascent, whereas, anciently those who repaired to consult the oracle descended. A fountain gushes out of the rock close below the cave.

Pausanias says, 'there were two streams; one, of Memory; the other of Oblivion.' It was supposed to be one of the entrances to the infernal regions; and those who descended into this cave, never laughed again.

Of the Bœotian capital, our author recites the eloquent description of Theban desolation, from a great Athenian orator. It is thus translated.

' Since ye cannot, in your persons, be present, let your imaginations behold the miseries of Thebes. Think that ye beheld the city taken, the walls destroyed, the houses wrapped in flames, the women and children led into captivity; old men, aged matrons weeping, imploring your protection; and learning, when it is too late, the blessings of that liberty which they must never enjoy again.'

The perusal of the illustrations on Athens will delight every reader. We must refer to the book; reserving, to ourselves, the pleasure of making an extract from the Theatre of Bacchus, and another from the Temple of Jupiter Olympus.

' I shall indulge myself in the belief that this is the ruin of the Theatre of Bacchus; that these are the walls which first heard the harp of Tragedy exciting sorrowful sympathy at the touch of Euripides, or rousing the emotions of terror and sublimity when swept by the master-hand of Aeschylus. It is indeed inferior in appearance to most of the other ancient edifices. It is of little importance, perhaps, in the eye of the architect; but I doubt whether the view of any ruin inspires such pleasing ideas, or awakens so powerfully those interesting associations, which Athens, more than any place, calls up to people her solitudes, as the remains of this theatre. Seated in its silent and deserted area we recall to our imaginations the various scenes which have passed within these walls; we recollect that here genius received its full reward from an admiring audience, when Electra told the sad tale of her woes, or Cassandra chaunted her prophetic raptures; that here patriotism triumphed; lastly we remember that in the theatre was transacted that affecting ceremony, in which the children of those who had fallen in battle were presented in complete armour to the audience by a herald, who proclaimed, ' that these orphans having been educated at the expence of the state, were now, upon arriving at manhood, clothed in their panoply and, with the good wishes of the spectators sent to take their part in the public affairs of the nation.'

' On the N. side of the Ilissus, and to the S. E. of the Acropolis, appear the columns of Adrian, the majestic ruins of the temple of Jupiter Olympus. They consist of sixteen pillars and an imperfect angle of the peribolus or outer wall, strengthened with buttresses



to the S. E. and another fragment of the peribolus to the N. W., which is built into the modern walls of the town. The pillars are of the Corinthian order, fluted and about sixty feet in height; thirteen of them stand together in three rows, the other three are at a short distance. The thirteen pillars support their architraves. It is impossible to behold these beautiful columns without the highest admiration. They convey a magnificent idea of what Grecian architecture could effect; and even now in their ruinous state excite an impression that can be felt but not described. They stand about a furlong from the foot of the Acropolis and near the gate of Adrian.

Of the modern sons of Greece, we learn, they are naturally merry and lively; and, their mirth, in spite of their miseries, breaks forth at every favourable opportunity. But the oppression they suffer from the Turks, is unparalleled. A Turk may kill a Greek, without being detained to answer for the crime.

On the day of my visit to Livadia, says our author, a Turk entered the house of a Greek, and attempted, forcibly to take away his wife. The Greek naturally resisted; upon which the Turk shot him dead upon the spot. He was not secured, but suffered to depart.

At Athens, singing and dancing continue to follow the repast.

*A Bacchanalian Song.*

‘O breathe that strain again—  
And whilst I quaff the purple bowl,  
Sing soft the melting strain;  
Then take the cup and drain it low—  
Man wants but little here below,  
But love and wine to cheer the drooping soul.’

The dress, customs, antiquities, manners, music, &c. of the Greeks, are most pleasingly detailed by copious notes, classically and historically arranged. But we must limit our review. The work closes with a poem entitled *Cassandra*; an inspired maid, alluded to in the course of the poem.

We shall conclude, with offering our political reflections, in the language of Sir William Jones, from the Greek.

‘What constitutes a State?  
Not high rais’d battlement or labour’d mound,  
Thick wall or moated gate;  
Not cities proud, with spires and turrets crown’d  
Not bays and broad arm’d ports,  
Where laughing at the storm, rich navies ride;  
Not starr’d and spangled courts,  
Where low-brow’d baseness wafts perfume to pride—  
No!—Men, high-minded men.’

ART. IV.—*O'Donnel*: a National Tale. By Lady Morgan (late Miss Owenson), author of the *Wild Irish Girl*, *Novice of St. Dominick*, &c. 3 vols. 12mo. pp. 290, 331, 339. H. Colburn, 1814.

THE pleasure with which we remember to have read this lady's *Wild Irish Girl*, strongly recommends these volumes to our attention. As a national writer, we cannot too much admire her sentiments; and, as a descriptive writer, we hail her as the legitimate pupil of nature.

But, if we were disposed to criticise style, we might deplore the frequent occasions taken by the fair author to shew us, that her reading is far beyond the usual studies of her sex; and that she prefers the boldness of masculine reasoning to the softer claims of feminine opinions.

In the volumes before us we find a most animated picture of an Irish gentleman, the sport of his country's politics, who, with the stern honour of the rude chieftain of old, possesses the polished attainments of a more refined age.

\* All pride, however diversified its features, is the mere offspring of human weakness. In its best sense, perhaps, it is but the mean which gives to vanity the air of virtue; in its worst, it is a puerile veneration for the accidental circumstances of life, a rigid exaction of respect from others, for things or qualities independent of all will or power inherent in ourselves.

\* The pride of the Irishman was immoderate. Still, however, it might find its apology, if not its justification, in the circumstances of his life, and the history of his family. The one had been an incessant struggle between a lofty spirit, and an untoward fortune; the other was a register of the deeds of chiefs, of the feats of heroes; interwoven in the history of his country, sharing its glory, and participating in its misfortunes. This high and inherent sentiment, nurtured rather than weakened by physical sensibility, sharpened rather than obliterated by moral suffering, was now deeply wounded, not in its most vulnerable, but its least laudible point; not where it was felt with most acuteness, but where it was sustained with least dignity. Though one "out of suits with life," he disdained complaint, he contemned pity, and shrunk from displaying his unhappy fortunes before those from whom he could not hope for sympathy, nor have accepted relief. The chances were now, however, against him: he was *banished to his den*; and what was still worse, he had exposed a weakness of feeling; he had deprived poverty of that dignity, which could alone have rendered it respectable.

\* Blushing for the involuntary error of mortified pride, and anxious to repair it, he returned to his guests just as Lady Singleton had laid

aside the little historical fragment of his family memoirs ; and with all the sterner feelings of his nature, relaxed into the smooth courtesy of high and polished refinement; he apologized for his absence, and excused it by the arrival of some letters from the continent, in which he was much interested, though they contained no public news. Meantime the ladies discovered that not only his manner, but his appearance, was much improved : he had changed the rude habit of his wanderings, the *thread-bare jacket*, which had shrouded his gentility from Mr. Dexter's eyes and observation, for a suit of deep mourning. With an excusable foppery, natural to the soldier, he had also assumed the order of *Maria Theresa*, and the cross of St. Louis, both the badges of distinguished military merit ; and though in his marked and intelligent countenance a mind was depicted which

‘ O'er informed its tenement of clay,’

yet the enchantment of a noble form absorbed his spectators in the first moment of his return, and left them no leisure to reflect upon the *moral* superiority by which it was evidently accompanied and dignified.<sup>2</sup>

This gentleman, a military recluse, is the lineal descendant of O'Donnel the Red ; and, the following is the portrait of his ancestor.

‘ O'Donnel, covered with glory, retired to the Castle of Donegal to celebrate his union with the fair object of a long-cherished and romantic passion, the Lady Avclina O'Neil, the daughter of the Earl of Tyrone, by a former marriage with an English lady, who had alone shared with his country the feelings of his heart. To years of suffering, disquietude, and hardship, some months of domestic felicity succeeded, when the family compact, formed by double alliance between the chiefs of Tirconnel and Tyrone, obliged him to draw his sword in a cause, which, unlike all the other contests in which he had engaged, brought not its excuse along with it.

‘ His fortunes changed with the cause in which he has led by his ambitious kinsman to embark them. The unexampled rapidity of his marches from the north to the south of Ireland ; his distinguished feats of personal prowess, availed him not : the red cross banner of the O'Donnel was trampled in the dust before the walls of Kinsale : his castle was seized, and garrisoned by the English forces in Donegal : his life was forfeited with his possessions ; but his first and last defeat, though it maddened, did not subdue him. After wandering, with a few faithful friends, through the bogs and mountains of Munster, with nothing left but his life, his honor, and his sword, he escaped an ignominious death by flight from his native land ; and, in the words of the chronicle, sailed, ‘ with his heroes for Spain.’ The little vessel in which he embarked anchored in the port of *Corunna*,

1602, under the mouldering tower of Breogah, named after the hero who was supposed to have raised it, and from whom the first conquerors of Ireland were descended.

‘ The exile chief knelt and kissed the earth consecrated by the memory of his progenitor, and hailed the tower of the son of Milesæus, as a happy omen on the arrival of his descendant in a strange land.

‘ The King of Spain received the Irish chief as a sovereign prince, promised him redress, and established him in a royal palace at Corunna. But the King slumbered over his promise, though the spirit of the chief slept not. Ireland the land of his affections, was the goal of his hopes : soon weary of his splendid dependance, he panted to behold his country, his children, his wife ; his patience brooked not delay ; he had not been used to wait upon fortune, but to command her ; though worn out, exhausted by bodily and mental anguish, he pursued the king to his court at Valladolid, and within view of the Moorish palace where the sovereign resided. The Irish chief died in the arms of his attendants : his heart was broken ; his gallant spirit fled for ever in its last struggle for independence.

‘ “ Peace to the soul of the hero.” ’

Our author, although describing the romantic descendant of an Irish chieftain, does not enter into the beautifully wild varieties which so prominently mark the manners and scenery of her *Wild Irish Girl*. O'Donnel is characteristic of himself, without the superfluous aid of the ancient costume. He wears neither the braided buskins, nor the fillan, clasped at the throat with a resplendent brooch ; but he is presented in the dress of the day, with strength of stature, and dignity of mind, harmoniously modulated.

The history of Ireland, under the semblance of a fable, so commixes the contrarieties of religion, politics, and manners, that the extremes of refinement and barbarism associate in one view, and form a romantic group, to astonish....to agonise....or to delight !

In this novel, the tale is very circumscribed : a strolling party of English fashionables encounter the recluse, O'Donnel, with his wolf dog, on the wild shores of Lough Swilly, where their carriage breaks down ; and an acquaintance, forcibly, follows, which leads to little interest, beyond that of developing the hero's character, and of exhibiting a picture of unsophisticated fidelity in his Irish attendant.

O'Donnel was the immediate descendant of O'Donnel the Red, who, as he informs his guests, was a very brave and a very unfortunate man. He lived the lord of Tireconnel, and

died with no other property than his sword, to bequeath posterity.

Pursuing his history, he relates the life of the Abbé O'Donnel, who distinguished himself in the diplomacy of Spain; and this national trait awakens the most painful sensations in our mind, in the contemplation, that talents the most rare, and bravery the most exemplary, have often been exiled, by state policy, from its native home, to enrich a foreign court.

Cruel policy! alike destructive to the country, and fatal to the individual!

\* But to command the services of genius, it must be *unrestricted*. It is the equal right, the equal hope, shining on all alike, which gives vigor to ability, and a right direction to the vague impulses of ambition. Sink the individual in the scale of social consideration, withdraw from him the *natural* motives which should give strength to resolution, and energy to action, and you banish or degrade him; he remains at home, alternating between the torpor of disgraceful indolence, and the wildness of sullen disaffection; or he retires to other countries to offer *those* talents, those energies to foreign states, for which he finds no mart at home. Like the liquid element, the human mind flows cloudy and polluted through narrow and prescribed channels, and derives its brilliancy, its purity, its wholesomeness and its utility, alone from the freedom of its course, and the agitation of its own natural and unrestrained motions.

† To this alternative of idleness or banishment, were the gentlemen of Ireland reduced by religious disqualification, at the period when the original of that picture, accompanied by a younger brother, bid adieu to the land of his fathers. The brothers offered their services in causes with which their feelings held no alliance. The younger O'Donnel entered the Austrian service, where so many of his kinsmen had already distinguished themselves. He rapidly attained the rank of a general officer—lived in honor, and died in glory. The elder brother, with an early imbibed taste for philosophical diplomacy, became an efficient agent in the court of Madrid, and expiated his illusion by his disappointment. He found himself involved in the narrow and illiberal views of a crooked and intricate policy, and discovered, too late, that the labours of an unfortunate alien, received alternately with a necessary confidence and a natural distrust, are viewed with suspicion and rewarded with parsimony. In a moment of this melancholy conviction, his strong passions, ever veering to extremes, he abandoned the world, and threw himself into the Abbey of La Trappe. He was soon, however, again sought for, because his talents were soon missed; and the royal entreaty and papal authority once more dragged him on the scene of life, at the moment he was found *digging his own grave*. Yet when death, after a course of years, robbed him



of the prince he served, he remained unrecompensed, unprovided for, advanced in life, and care-worn in spirits. Then it was that his affections (having completed the circle of objects which in turn possess the bosom, and mark the stages from the cradle to the tomb) returned to the goal from whence they started. His country, his home, awakened his heart's last warm impulsion; and the fond desire, so common among the Irish, that his eyes should be closed by the hands of kindred affection, led him back to that paternal proof, and to those ties, whose images time and absence had rather strengthened than obliterated from his remembrance. He had left an elder brother, the representative of the faded honors and lessened fortunes of his family; and to the sons of this brother he looked forward for the bright reflections of his own ardent youth—for the solace of his declining years. He returned after thirty years of exile; but found nor home, nor brother, nor brother's children."

The stranger paused; and then, with some emotion, and great rapidity, he added:

"There was at a period to which I allude a penal statute in force, which struck at once against the law of God and man, and tore asunder the holy bond, which forms the type of every human institution—the tie of *filial* and *parental love*. By this law, it was enacted, that the son of a Catholic parent, by conformity to the established church, could legally possess himself of the property of his family, and for ever alienate it (when so gained) from the rightful heirs. A crime thus sanctioned, did sometimes, not often, find its motive in the sordid selfishness of human depravity. Oh! then many a blessed tie was rent asunder—many a grey head was bowed with shame and sorrow to the grave. The offence was neither solitary nor unproductive. Brother raised his hand against brother." He paused again in emotion, and again continued:—"In a word, such was the event which hailed the Abbé's return to his country.—The youngest of his two nephews had abjured a faith which only entailed misfortune, and reaped the fruit of his apostacy by taking the letter of the law, and leaving his family and its natural heir destitute, who, maddened with the double wrongs of himself and his infant son, gave vent to nature's bitterest indignation. The brothers fought—fratricide was added to apostacy; and the survivor, not able to appear on the scene of his crimes, left his country for ever.

"He who was thus at once bereaved of property and life was—my father!

"The exile, thus welcomed to his native land, sought his last asylum among these mountains; and, with the poor remains of his hard earnings, raised this shed, in a region over which his ancestors had reigned, and at no great distance from the rock, on which, in ruder times, they were inaugurated. Here, too, he watched over the infancy and boyhood of his orphan grand-nephew; and gave up the first sixteen years of his solitude to my education; thus *but* for him, I should have remained for ever 'one of the wild shrubs of the

wilderness : to his learning and science am I indebted for whatever information I possess : to his taste I owe that cultivation of mind and love of letters which is now almost my only enjoyment.

‘ Having thus bestowed upon me all that he had to give, he sent me, as he himself had been sent, to earn an honorable subsistence in a foreign land. After many years of absence, the public events which changed the face of Europe once more brought me back to these solitudes. I returned with that sword, which I had taken out with me, my only property, and this ribbon, my only reward. I found my venerable kinsman, with the extraordinary energies of his character still unsubdued, approaching to a patriarchal age, and still devoting his lingering faculties to letters and to science. Permitted at length to serve my king and country, I again left the asylum of my early home, and drew my sword, with a joyful emotion, suited to the cause in which I was allowed to embark ; but on my return from a short and fatal campaign in the West Indies, circumstances of necessity, as well as feelings of attachment, drew me back to these solitudes ; and I arrived but in time to fulfil my aged kinsman’s long-formed wish. He died in my arms, and his eyes were closed by the hand of kindred affection.

‘ The stranger ceased.’

By this hateful policy, how many heroes have devoted their swords to the service of the continental princes ! They proved faithful and loyal to the kings they served, as they would have done, *if so permitted*, to the natural sovereign of their native land.

‘ The six regiments of Irish brigades were, to a man, true to the cause of royalty ; and, after fighting well, and suffering much, in the allied armies, the officers repaired to their native land, obtained leave to raise regiments, succeeded in the attempt, and were permitted to enrol themselves in the British army, under their old designation of the *Irish Brigades*. I had followed the course of these brave men, and, when sinking under infirm health, from two wounds which had nearly proved fatal, I was ordered to try my native air. Obligated to leave the army in Flanders, where I was serving as a volunteer, I again, on my recovery, joined the new-raised corps of a friend and fellow soldier ; and too happy to be employed in the service of England against *regicide France*, I accepted a majority in the regiment of Irish brigades, and embarked for St. Domingo. There, in a sanguinary and remorseless war, contending with the climate, famine, and the sword, amidst royalists and republicans, negroes, and maroons, I left many a gallant countryman and friend unburied on the burning sands of that pestiferous region ; and have returned once more to these solitudes, perhaps, as their last tenant used to say, with little else to do than to dig my own grave and die.”

‘ This was uttered with a smile, but it was a smile saddened by despondency.

‘ “ You surely do not mean to give up the service ?” asked Mr. Glentworth.

‘ “ The service, I fear,” he replied, “ means to give me up.”

‘ “ Have you applied for, or been refused, your military rank ?”

‘ “ I have no interest in this country, no kinsman high in the service ; and my letters of nobility, which served me abroad, would here be ridiculous.”

‘ “ Still you ought to have applied.”

‘ “ I *did* apply, for a majority, a company, a lieutenancy : I did not succeed, and went no lower. My relation, General O'Donnel, of the Spanish service, has offered me a majority in his regiment ; but, having once fought in the cause of England, I will never draw my sword against her. But,” he added cheerfully, “ though I state facts, I do not complain of grievances. I know not how I have been induced to enter upon this tale of egotism : it is in truth an ungracious subject to me, as it must be tiresome to you.” ’

Two years passed....season followed season....all was cheerless around the cot of O'Donnel. His natural energies struggled hard with a compelled inactivity : his noble spirit was oppressed, but not subdued. His was a life of hopelessness ; yet he combated with fate. He was not, however, permitted to continue in this painful calm....he was eventually aroused at the call of humanity.

Throughout the villages and little towns in Ireland, there are a set of upstart beings, who oppress their less thriving neighbours with a sort of *constitutional* superiority. At the head of such a ruling faction, in the village nearest to O'Donnel's retreat, stood Sir Brian Costello, attorney at law ; a man, who had raised himself from the lowest class of society by acts which enable such men to attain to a state of comparative affluence ; and he, finally, became agent of the gentleman, in whose kitchen he had often plied as a menial.

‘ Mr. Costello had, upon speculation, purchased a large tract of mountain, and obtained a considerable portion of commonage attached to it ; he had also become master of some small but fertile farms, of which he had obtained perpetual leases of his own employer, and which, as is common in Ireland, he again let out at premiums to tenants-at-will : among these tenants was the late Abbé O'Donnel. The little sum of ready money of which he was master on his arrival in Ireland, he had expended in purchasing the romantic site of his cottage and small garden, and he took of Mr. Costello a little farm

in the neighbourhood, from which he derived the whole means of his subsistence.

As the Abbé led the life of a hermit, and was too much a cynic to interest himself in the concerns of others, he had lived in his retreat more feared than known, and was suffered to remain unmolested. By some he was deemed a saint, by others a wizzard, and by many as little better than a maniac. The high-spirited and impetuous boy, whom he had made the companion of his solitude, felt the superiority which nature, birth, and education, had given him over the LITTLE GREAT of his neighbourhood; and as his youth and activity carried him in more frequent contact with the vicinage, he took little care to disguise his opinion of himself and them; but to the natives of the soil, the poor Irish servitors, he was condescending and gentle; for he considered them as the descendants of the brave peasantry who had so often fought the battles of his ancestors: without losing sight of his own dignity, he mingled in their sports, and carried off many a prize of superiority in their athletic exercises.

The impression which he left behind him, when, yet a boy, he quitted the country to enter into a foreign service, were revived when he returned in manhood; and though his paternal lands were situated in another part of the country, the name of O'Donnel was still loved and revered. Since his return, he had more than once been the advocate of the unfortunate, and the champion of the oppressed; and, though a *tenant-at-will* for the spot which afforded him his sole means of subsistence, to Mr. Brien Costello, he had, in a feeling of indignation for violated justice, opposed his power in an instance, which too often occurs, and too often is past over in Ireland unnoticed and unstigmatized. Costello had let some of his mountain land to cotters, at a rent far beyond its value; and, to reconcile them to a bargain, closed under the pressure of necessity, he had allowed them a certain portion of commonage: to the cultivation of these wild spots, the cotter had given the overplus of his time and labour; but, when it began to wear the air of cultivation, to repay his industry, and assist him in paying off a part of his exorbitant rent, the cordid landlord, contrary to all equity, and to his compact, inclosed the ground, and deprived his tenant of the only means which could make his bargain tolerable. An instance of this kind had occurred in the case of a poor man, to whose door it brought ruin.

After the manner of the lower Irish, when they appeal for relief in their necessities, he had thrown himself on his knees at O'Donnel's feet to supplicate his interference with his landlord; that he was the brother-in-law of his own foster-brother, Mc. Rory, was not his faintest claim to the service he demanded. O'Donnel, much against his inclination, condescended to intercede with Mr. Costello, to argue, to entreat, but failed in every attempt; he then informed this equitable landlord, in language no way equivocal, of his opinion of the whole transaction; and it required no very acute powers of

Induction on the part of Mr. Costello to draw from the pervasion of O'Donnel's speech, that he believed him to be a rascal; so satisfactorily to his own mind had he, indeed, concluded upon this point of the Colonel's creed, that he wanted only the courage to call him out: he did, however, what he thought safer, and quite as much to the purpose—he gave him due notice to quit his farm, unless he chose to continue a tenant at a rent somewhat more than double the possible product of the land: the result was, that O'Donnel was ejected, and left destitute of all means of subsistence beyond the produce of a scanty garden.

While *want*...continues our author...was thus knocking at his door, *charity* still found an altar beneath his roof. This claim was on the part of an aged female, the only sister of his deceased kinsman. With her person he was unacquainted....not so with her story; and, at the mention of her name, his susceptible bosom, cheerfully, acknowledged the once celebrated beauty of her time, who, by an improvident marriage, had for ever forfeited the protection of her family. To this relative, now pining in want, and sinking under the pressure of misery, he resigned the cottage and the garden; leaving himself, literally, a beggar. There now remained but one effort, and that was, to seek, once more, a foreign service. This was an alternative inimical to all his fine feelings. He had once served his king; and had hoped never to be so reduced, as to court the service of another monarch. Austria was then in alliance with Great Britain, and both were opposed to France. His nearest kinsman was a general in the Austrian emperor's service, and to him he wrote, explanatory of his views, desiring to receive an answer to his address in London.

But, how was he to realize his prospects? He shrunk from the privileges of a poor relation, to claim relief from the still opulent branches of his family. His books were few, but valuable: those he sold. Still the produce was unequal to his necessities. He determined to dispense with the attendance of a servant, on his journey to the continent notwithstanding that servant was the faithful, warm-hearted M'Rory. Two only articles of value remained....but, as they occurred to his mind, the blood rushed from his heart to his face; and, then, returned to its source with icy coldness. These articles were, the sword of his ancestor O'Donnel the Red, and a small diamond ring.

'This ring was suspended round his neck by a ribbon—he drew it forth and gazed on it: a train of intimate associations arose in quick



succession as he read the date engraven on its "golden round;" for the ring was all that remained to him of the earlier and most brilliant period of his existence, when full of hope and joy, his light and gallant spirit had received no impression from time, but such as love and glory gave, when new to life, and flushed with passion, he feared no change, and suspected no illusion—when alternately bound in the silken cords of pleasure, or braced with the rude harness of war, he sprung from the couch of voluptuousness, to rush into the field of combat, and to carry with him, even into scenes of warfare, that buoyancy of spirit, which once distinguished the gallant leaders of the Gallic armies, and which lent to the rudeness of the camp and gaiety and grace of the drawing-room.

He had won that little ring at a court lottery at Versailles, when the loveliest sovereign that ever received the affections of a devoted and loyal people, distributed the prizes: from the hands of Maria Antoinette he had received the ring the night before he accompanied his regiment to the fields of \*\*\* The ring was his talisman—he confided in its influence as the pledge of his success; and the distinction he obtained in that year's campaign, procured him shortly after the military rank which rendered him the youngest colonel in the French service.

The value of this trinket was inconsiderable; but it was the bequest of a beautiful woman, and an unfortunate queen; and there was still enough of the spirit of a Milesian cavalier in his breast to estimate the gem by the standard of sentiment, and not by the cold calculation of a lapidary. He kissed and replaced it—arose from the table at which he sat—walked towards the chimney-piece, and fixed his eyes on the sword of the hero whose memory he revered, of whose kindred he was so proud, of whose character he was enamoured.

With that sword the chief of O'Donnel had avenged his own wrongs, and redressed those of his country. O'Donnel took down the sacred weapon—sacred at least in his estimation, and examined it with the scrutiny of one who beheld it for the first time, but it was, in fact, with the emotion of one who feared he was looking on it for the last.

The basket of the weapon was of pure Irish gold, such as is frequently found in various forms in the bogs of Ireland; and he supposed from the price obtained by his uncle for a golden corslet, that its value could not be under one hundred pounds; this was a considerable sum to a man who had scarcely a guinea, and he resolved on the sacrifice of a relic dear alike to his pride and his affections; yet as he drew the blade from its scabbard, he stooped his head so close to it that it touched his lips, and a tear dropped upon its rusted steel.

We shall conclude with the following affecting picture of a dignified mind under the grasp of poverty, and the sympathetic virtues of a faithful, affectionate attendant.

O'Donnel paused for a moment, and then with an effort at firmness, yet with a tremulous motion of the under lip, he added:

“ In a word, I must part with you, Mc. Rory.”

The books dropped from Mc. Rory's hold, and still remaining on his knees, he clasped his hands, and with a look of grief, almost amounting to despair, but in a tone at once *supplicating* and *determined*, he replied :

“ Oh ! no, Colonel—Sir, if you please, you will not—part with me ! For what, Sir ? for why would you part with me ? Sure if I have offended you, Colonel, dear, I ask your pardon now, on my two bended knees—take my life, Sir—isn't it your own ? Who saved it for me in the wars, when I fought cheek by jowl with you, Sir ? —only yourself, Colonel : troth you did, and for why would you part with me, *Phaidrig Mc. Rory*, if it was only in regard of being your own foster-brother, who took the same mother's milk with you, and who was a hurler with you, when we were gassoons together, playing among the mountains ? And would'nt I have followed you to foreign parts, when we were grown up fine slips of lads, only the mother that bore me left her dying curse on me, if I deserted my fine ancient ould father, until God had taken him ; which he did'nt till five years ago, come Lamas ; and for all that, did'nt I go into foreign parts to see you, Sir, and brought the present of the finest mare that ever was strode, following you through the world wide, into Germany, without knowing a word of any foreign language, good or bad, but my own, and I never came across you till I saw you go to mass in your elegant regimentals, with the King and Queen, and all the Royal Family, long life to them ; and when you come back here after the troubles, Colonel, did'nt I list with you in the brigade, and follow you to the wars, Sir ? and from that blessed moment to this, hav'nt I been your true and faithful servant ; and why should'nt I, Colonel ? what *abler* boy in the Barony could you get to serve you ? ante I your Honor's own age, thirty-four last Holy-eve, and your own Honor's height, six feet ? and if I don't answer you Sir, shew me the lad that will, Colonel, to say nothing of fosterage.”

During this appeal, in which one association had arisen rapidly out of another in the mind of the affectionate and devoted Mc. Rory, his master vainly endeavoured to interrupt him, to rise him from his suppliant posture, and before he had concluded, which he did with tears in his eyes, as vainly endeavoured to recover back his own firmness, the looks, even more than the words, of Mc. Rory, had put wholly to flight.

“ No, your Honor,” said Mc. Rory, when Colonel O'Donnel stretched out his hand to raise him, “ I have made a vow to myself, never to rise off my bended knees, which is as good as being *book-sworn*, until it's what your Honor recalls your words, and says, “ *Phaidrig Mc. Rory, I'll never part with you, as long as you can be of the laste use in life to me, Phaidrig ;*” and for why should you, Colonel ?”

“ Because, Mc. Rory,” returned his master, with a mixture of

kindness and irritation in his voice and manner, "because I can no longer either repay your services, or maintain you; for I am a man of desperate fortunes. I am about to seek the means of supporting life in a foreign land, by my sword; nor can I think of rewarding your generous attachment so ill as to take advantage of your disinterestedness, and involve you in my uncertain destiny, my certain difficulties. But should any thing like independence ever again be mine, my friend, believe that you shall share it, aye, to the last farthing, Mc. Rory.

"Shall I, Sir?" said Mc. Rory, starting on his feet with a look of wildness; and then pausing for a moment, he ran out of the room: returning, however, almost immediately, and emptying the contents of an old worsted stocking on the table, he cried:

"There are four of the ten gold pieces your Honor gave me for a keepsake, when I brought you the mare to foreign parts.

"There is the *five pound note* the fine ancient ould Abbé left me by will, and there is the *silver-gilt watch* which ould Thady Dogherity, my father's ould croney, left me with his dying breath; and you know right well, Sir, that when I offered you the same to help to pay the fine for the farm, to that chief of a *Costello*, you would'nt intirely oblige me by taking it; and now you see, it will maintain and keep me, till we land in foreign parts, and when your Honor will be a great General, and myself a *Corplar*, I'll be bound, for your sake, Sir, so you see, Colonel, I'll be no trouble in life to you, and never ax you for *bit* or *sup*, only your old coats; and now, Sir, there is no delay in the world, only to pack up the *portmantle*, and quit the place which is to the *fore* for your Honor, whenever God takes the fine ancient ould gentlewoman, your grand-aunt, Mrs. Honor Kelly, to himself."

As the attachment and resolution of Mc. Rory were now equally and evidently firm and unvanquishable, and as his master was well assured that he would follow him at all risks, if he was not permitted to accompany him, Colonel O'Donnel, unconsciously pleased to shelter his own inclinations under his servant's, replied:

"Well, Mc. Rory, be it so, if you are willing, for my sake, to encounter hardships without the hope of recompence: if you are satisfied to take the wages of kindness and confidence instead of"—He paused in some emotion, and unable to proceed, he smiled benevolently, and held out his hand to his now happy servant; but Mc. Rory, bowing down to the ground, retreated respectfully, deeming himself unworthy the high honor tendered to him, and with a cry, that something resembled the funeral *ullulation* of his own country, he rushed out of the room.

Can we follow O'Donnel to the Austrian camp without feelings of national regret?

Look into the kalendar of heroes who fought and conquered throughout the late war....and find, if you can, the valour or the fidelity of THE IRISHMAN, eclipsed by any contemporaries in arms.

ART. VII.—*The Reduction of the Forces*; with the Full and Half-Pay, civilly and politically considered. By Capt. Fairman, aid-de-camp and military secretary to his excellency the Governor and Commander in Chief of Curacao, and its dependencies, &c. &c. &c. in which is laid down, a permanent plan for the immediate employment of the disbanded troops. Octavo. pp. 60. 2s. C. Chapple, 1814.

THIS pamphlet is addressed to the secretary at war, in a language so different from the usual adulatory incense of dedications, that we cannot resist giving the manly effusion a record in our pages.

‘ *To the Viscount Palmerston, &c. &c. &c.*

‘ My Lord,—From a conscious pride which, while it challenges inquiry into the fact, defies contradiction as to the result, that through distinguished mediums, I have been the humble instrument of obtaining for the army, at different periods, an increase of subsistence, with an augmentation of allowances, besides bettering in other respects its permanent condition—I am induced to offer a few ideas, for the perusal of the Public, connected with the approaching Reduction of the Forces.

‘ In addressing to your Lordship what I shall feel it incumbent upon me to propound on this interesting and important topic, I am actuated to do so alone from the circumstance of your being placed at the head of an office, whence the arrangements for the purpose in question may be expected to emanate.

‘ Should it appear to your Lordship that I occasionally speak with an air of confidence, it may be necessary to apprise you, that success is insensibly apt to fall into this tone: and that such a feeling proceeds from a conviction, that many of the measures which have been adopted in the different departments of the state, owe their origin to confidential communications of mine.

‘ Whether your Lordship shall do me the honour to peruse what I am about to inscribe to you, is matter of doubt; and whether, in the event of your taking that trouble, you shall be so open to conviction, as to act upon any of the hints which are afforded, will remain to be ascertained.

‘ That overt intimations to official people are not the most acceptable, I am perfectly aware; as also that secret suggestions, however useful and practical, meet with no return beyond that of a complimentary note, full of courtly unmeaning expressions: and although the objects might even be weakened, if not defeated, by being thus ostensibly presented, still, after submitting various plans, during a series of years, for the consideration of government, many of which have been implicitly acted upon, with equal advantage to the empire, and neglect of the projector, it cannot be surprising that he should no longer be inclined to pursue the same profitless obscure course.

\* Notwithstanding a jealousy and a little-mindedness may often deter public servants from bringing forward the proposals of private individuals ; yet when such proposals teem with intrinsic utility, they will, after a time, obtrude themselves into light in the absence of all obstrusive aid ; nay, in defiance of every infanticidal endeavour to strangle them in their parturition !

\* The reason of this is, that a measure, however judicious and salutary, when *publicly* announced by a *private* individual, must be suppressed, at least until it be forgotten by whom it was proposed ; or till it be so metamorphosed, that the offspring shall be scarcely known to its own parent. If it be policy that an individual should not be rendered popular, by attaching to his plans the importance they deserve, it would be no more than justice, after they are carried into effect, that he should be adequately compensated. But the reverse of this is too often the case.

\* The grand inducements for persons to become authors, are profit, patronage, or fame. To these may be added, in some men, (at even as much trouble and expence, as responsibility and danger), a spirit of philanthropy, a desire to benefit society, in their efforts to carry a particular point, or to further any laudable design. When, however, at such sacrifices, an individual does advance the prosperity of the commonwealth, or promote the interest of a numerous body, it does not argue much in favour of the gratitude of the one, or the bounty of the other, to suffer such an advocate to remain, IN A PECUNIARY SENSE, UNINDEMNIFIED.

\* Virtue is said to be its own reward, which is somewhat fortunate, since it seldom meets with any other. The desire of doing good is nevertheless so strongly implanted in some breasts, that the propensity of their nature is not to be checked, by the uniform discouragement they may continue to experience. From the consciousness of having done their duty, they derive a consolation of which nothing can deprive them : and the reward of self-approbation is, after all, not only the highest, but the most durable, that can possibly be enjoyed by a generous and an independent mind.

\* This it may be inferred, is the language of disgust—of a disappointed man. Granted ! I am a disappointed man. That the Duke of York knows ; neither are some of his Majesty's late and present ministers utter strangers to it :

‘ I could a tale unfold———’

but, I am not passion's slave ; and, discontented as I am—dissatisfied as I have every cause and reason to be—with the power in my hands, I never yet attempted to advance my own interest at the hazard of fomenting discord, *where my efforts have been employed to restore cordiality* at the risk of exciting general commotion, WHERE THEY HAVE BEEN INVARIABLY EXERTED TO PRESERVE UNIVERSAL TRANQUILLITY : nor have my means ever been exercised to the



embarrassment of those, who, after profiting by my labours, have withheld from me the merited, the *promised* requital.

‘ Having, my Lord, given vent to my just, honest, but indignant resentment—by dealing thus in generalities, I feel myself bound by that manliness and candour which, I trust in every case will distinguish my conduct, to admit, and most unequivocally to state, that I have no claim whatever, nor ever had, either directly or indirectly, upon the patronage of your Lordship.

‘ For the opinions I have publicly avowed, and for the doctrines I have uniformly delivered, I have not hitherto, most fortunately, had occasion to feel the smallest particle of shame. And while upon the score of those which I am now about to promulge, I am free from all alarm—I expect little notice, less thanks, and no remuneration.

I have the honor to be my Lord,

your Lordship's most obedient, and very humble servant,

W. BLENNERHASSETT FAIRMAN,

*Captain 4th Ceylon Regiment.*

May, 1814.

The reduction of our military establishment, after so many years of active service, is an object highly important, either in a civil or political point of view. It is a question that involves the welfare of the kingdom; and, consequently, claims our most grave attention. We are to remember, that disbanding a vast army is, in other words, turning adrift a numerous class of human beings, without any visible means of obtaining a future livelihood—men, who, professionally accustomed to the carnage of war, view bloodshed without horror; and contend that plunder, which, by the laws of war, have repaid their honourable toil, must now, by the law of nature, preserve them from starving.

‘ Just as soon might the raw recruit be expected to beat out the brains of a Frenchman, with the butt end of his firelock, devoid of all emotion, and with a sort of mechanical insensibility, which is, alone, to be attained by practice and service, as that the veteran soldier, who has seen several sanguinary campaigns, should, instantaneously, subdue those propensities, the acquirement of which was incidental to the profession of arms, was characteristic of his progress in the principles of warfare. Unless, then, discretion be observed, in the reduction of our forces, much intestine mischief and alarm, attended with results no less disastrous than fatal, may be rationally anticipated, and fearfully dreaded.’

Captain Fairman, therefore, proposes that cavalry, without subverting the constitution of the civil power, might act on the principal highways, as horse patrol; a precaution that would prove most salutary to general personal safety, and would independently economize parochial assessments. They

might convey letters, from the general twopenny post office, to their various limits of delivery. They might be escorts to mail coaches, &c. &c. These and similar positions are forcibly placed, and strongly argued. The spirit of the pamphlet, certainly, deserves attention; but who can successfully bawl into the ears that will not hear, or expose truth before the eyes that will not see.

In our opinion, however, Captain Fairman is a spirited and patriotic writer, and ought to be heard somewhere.

ART. VIII.—*Memoirs and Campaigns* of Charles John, Crown Prince of Sweden, by John Philippart, Esq. with a portrait. Octavo, pp. 520. 16s. Barrington. 1814.

THE author of this volume is well known to the public, as the compiler of documents, exemplifying the lives of distinguished characters; and he has, now, at press, a military work, to be published occasionally, and to display the lives of British generals from the conquest to the present period. Fortunately for Mr. Philippart, compilation is not a science.

The prevailing character of the French revolutionary princes, is that of all daring adventurers, who elevate themselves, in the hour of civil discord, by a display of talent every way worthy of the heirs of a tyrant. Their glories are intimately linked with the horrors of war and despotism, and exhibit a career intrepid as unprincipled in design....and brilliant as unmerited in result. We speak, now, of an exception to this general rule.

‘An amazing career of victory placed Napoleon Buonaparte above the reach of calamity, and far removed, from casual disappointment, until the campaign of 1812-13 suddenly dispelled the magic shade his policy and subtlety had thrown over the observation of mankind, and shewed, that in the hands of an offended and avenging Omnipotent, the power of Napoleon, his armies, and his ‘successful destinies,’ were but as the dews of the morning, which glitter for a while, and then vanish beneath the sun-beams.

‘In the reverse of fortune that has at length overtaken this distinguished desolator, it is impossible not to be susceptible of a feeling of indescribable gratitude, awe, and admiration of the Supreme Power which has arrested his sanguinary progress, and retarded the execution of those vast designs that were intended to carry blood and desolation into another hemisphere: and from this feeling the thoughts naturally revert to the condition which the most powerful States of the

the world would have been placed, had not the avenging arm been stretched out to punish his presumption and deliver his fellow-men.

'In the ever varying circle of human existence it is observable that the degradation of a State, or of an individual, is but a prologue to the elevation of another: and thus has it appeared with Napoleon Buonaparte and his great contemporary Charles John. However difficult it may be for a man in obscure life to raise himself to power and greatness, yet having once acquired those possessions, he instantly finds the task of retaining them to be by far the most arduous:—then is the hero, or the man of a common mind, discovered, and the world not imposed upon by false greatness and the exterior appearance of superior intellect.

'The passion most universal and most remarkable in the human mind, is ambition. However different in their pursuits, their occupations, or their desires, still ambition, to a degree, more or less, is discernable in every man. And whether it is directed to the subjugation of kingdoms, or the culture of a flower, it is still the same passion, under a different semblance. In the breast of a man of virtue it is a most noble and amiable feeling, urging him to actions which reflect lustre on his character; and although it does not at all times bring with it unqualified success, and unalloyed gratification, it is nevertheless always exalted, generous, and magnanimous. With the common herd of men it is a petty and contemptible passion, and in the breast of a misanthropist it is a scourge.

'The Prince Royal of Sweden is not unambitious; but with him ambition is a principle, not an instrument: it has been to him a watch-fire, which has led him by an easy gradation from a firelock to a sceptre,—from a camp to a court: and through his strange and romantic course, there are but few, if any, recollections, that are calculated to cast a gloom over his brow, or give a pang to his heart.'

Having, thus, prefaced the greatness of the character he is about to celebrate, our *author* informs us, that the prince royal of Sweden, who rose from the ranks to that of high dignity, was born at Pau, the capital of the department of the lower Pyrennees, on the 26th January 1763. His father followed the law, and was a man of moderate fortune. He wished his son to succeed him in his profession; but the young Bernadotte was of a genius too active, to submit to the mechanical drudgery of poring over law authorities. He, therefore, quitted his paternal roof, at fifteen, to enlist in the regiment of royal marines.

With this corps he served under M. de Bussy, during the American war, in the East Indies; and afterwards with the squadron under M. de Suffren.

The young Bernadotte was promoted to the rank of corporal within a year after his enlistment; and in 1783, on

his regiment returning to France, he was further promoted to the rank of serjeant.

From that period to 1789, we have nothing to interest us in the fate of this dormant prince ; but, in the latter year, an event occurred, which not only places corporal Bernadotte in a most respectable point of view ; but strongly evinces the ascendancy his good conduct must have given him over his companions in arms.

\* The Royal Marines were stationed at Marseilles in the year 1789, a period when the revolutionary springs, which afterwards agitated the whole French empire, were in their birth. The inhabitants of Marseilles were, generally, men of jacobinical principles, and they had succeeded in inciting the soldiers in the town to rise against their officers. When this object was accomplished, the mob determined on the murder of the Marquess D'Ambert, colonel of the Royal Marines, and they instantly proceeded to his hotel for the purpose of carrying their determination into effect.

\* Bernadotte, who had been absent at the commencement of the disturbance, fortunately arrived at the Marquess's hotel when the infuriated mob were advancing in the greatest tumult, to execute their design. He immediately went forward to address them, and notwithstanding the frenzied state in which they had approached the Marquess's hotel, the cool and determined manner of Bernadotte arrested, in an instant, their design. But when, however, it was perceived that his object was to impress them with the inhumanity and injustice of their wishes, many of the most violent cried out to him, that his addresses were unavailing ; that he must concur in their determination to murder the marquess, and that they had nominated him, Bernadotte, colonel of the Royal Marines, in his place.

\* Although the soldiers of Bernadotte's corps had mingled with the mob, and the men composing the other corps at that time in Marseilles, Bernadotte readily perceived that the former coincided in the address he had made, and having therefore drawn together a number of them, sufficient to protect the marquess's abode, he immediately exclaimed to the rioters in the most energetic manner :—' Marseilles, as you assure me that I possess your confidence, I will prove to you that I deserve it. I then absolutely declare, that I will not allow you to dishonor yourselves by a most base assassination. If the colonel is guilty, the law will render justice : citizens and soldiers are not executioners : I request you then to retire, as before you will obtain the head of the colonel, you must deprive me and the brave men who surround me of ours.' This manly appeal had the desired effect ; the mob quickly dispersed, and Bernadotte received the grateful thanks of his colonel and all the officers belonging to the corps.

From this period he rapidly succeeded to the rank of colonel, and general ; in which commands, he discovered

great military talent, and great humanity. It was his practice to share all the hardships of the campaign with his troops, and he had the deserved good fortune to conciliate the attachment of the army, and the respect of the several towns and fortresses that submitted to the French arms.

Mr. Philippart presents us with a sketch of the different actions in which the general distinguished himself, and introduces anecdotes very honourable to his hero's character. At length, jealousy began to be busy with the general's high renown, and he was reported to be as an extremely mercenary character, who had enriched himself by levying shameful contributions on the distressed inhabitants of Nuremberg. Understanding these rumours to be insidiously circulated at Paris, the general became indignant at the calumny, and required permission from the directory, to retire on half-pay ; explaining himself as to the motives of his application. The directory replied, on terms most flattering, that the general should disregard the malevolence of those who only envied him, because he was their superior in every moral excellence, and concluded thus.... ' The French government relies on your talents and patriotism *still* to continue to serve your country.'

In February 1797, he effected his passage over the Alps, with 15,000 men, to join the army of Italy. On reaching Milan, his soldiers expressed a general dissatisfaction and refused to proceed. In this exigency, general Bernadotte had recourse to persuasion. He assured his followers, their arrears should be discharged on reaching Mantua ; but as the troops saw as little probability of payment at Mantua, as at Milan, they replied, that although they entertained for him every personal respect due to so distinguished an officer, they would not march, until they had received the whole of their arrears.

This was the moment to display the firmness of his character. Changing his tone, the general said,

' Soldiers !....I am authorised, by the military code, to kill every man who refuses to obey my commands to march against the enemy. Either you shall incur the ignominy of having assassinated your general, who has been so long a father to you ; or, I will run my sabre through the body of every mutineer.'

Having concluded this address, he established the intrepidity of his nature, by marching to the head of the 90th regiment....when, pointing his sword to the breast of



the first grenadier, he commanded him to wheel to the right, unless he preferred to be run through the body. The soldier obeyed and the whole army followed in regular order.

On the 17th March, 1797, at the passage of Tagliamento, the general was posted on the right of Bonaparte's army. The Austrians had thrown up entrenchments on the left bank of the river ; but the French effected their passage to these entrenchments, when they were immediately charged by the Austrian cavalry, and a bloody conflict ensued, in which the French were ultimately victorious.

On the 10th, general Bernadotte commanded the division that, unsuccessfully, attempted to storm the town of Gradiska. Finding himself foiled, he sent in a laconic summons, of which the following is the principal feature.

‘ I must summon you to surrender in ten minutes. If you refuse, I shall put your garrison to the sword.’ .....

‘ The scaling ladders are ready ; the grenadiers and chasseurs are impatient for the assault....Answer.’

This spirited summons was successful ; and, the commander-in-chief, Bonaparte, reported the circumstance to the directory, in terms of the highest commendation.

We have said enough of an officer whose heroism, is well known to all the world ; and we are not aware, that any lengthened selection from the public documents before us, would offer novelty to our readers.

General Bernadotte appears to have had all the promptitude of Bonaparte, and much more firmness. He is equally a diplomatic and a military character ; and was a favourite at court when Bonaparte became emperor...possibly, for a two-fold reason. General Bernadotte was one of the first who signed the document ; and general Bernadotte was always feared, if not beloved by the new emperor, for his extensive and brilliant talents.

This volume, however, recites, that the duke D'Enghein came secretly to Paris, in 1799, when Bonaparte was in Egypt. The French government was, at that time without force ; and it appeared to be a moment auspicious to the interests of the Bourbons. The duke D'Enghein communicated to general Bernadotte, through a common friend, the secret of his being in Paris, and offered him the post of constable of France, if he would restore the Bourbons.

‘ I cannot serve the cause,’ replied Bernadotte, ‘ but as the descendant of a hero, and as a man who has placed confidence in me, no harm shall happen to the Duke.

Let him depart instantly ; for, within three days, his secret may be no longer mine.'

The duke did so ; and retired to Baden ; whence he was treacherously seized, and assassinated by Bonaparte.

The following curious anecdote is before us, in this volume.

' It has been stated by a French officer, who was in habits of intimacy with General Bernadotte, that three days before the 18th Brumaire, Buonaparte who had settled every thing with the Councils of Ancients and of Five Hundred, still lulled Bernadotte with the hope of taking him as a colleague with Sieyes or with Rogerducon ; he particularly declared his firm resolution to maintain the republican form of government, and to give a marked preference to all those who had given proofs of attachment to the revolution.'

' The same officer asserts that General Bernadotte assured him, the following conversation took place on the 18th Brumaire, with Buonaparte.

' Buonaparte.—' I can flatter myself at last, my dear Bernadotte, with having succeeded in making a part of the Directory, and the leaders of the two councils agree upon the measures to be taken to save the country. The council of ancients have nominated me Commander-in-Chief of the 17th division, comprehending the guard of the Directory, and grenadiers of the Legislative Body. I have been obliged to make some alteration in my first plan, that I might not startle the civil party by the appearance of a government composed of military men. Sieyes will be second consul, and Rogerducos the third. As first consul, I preserve every means of suitably rewarding my fellow labourers, and of ameliorating in every respect, the situation of the army. You may easily guess, that my two colleagues are, properly speaking, only for form-sake, and that I am the real depository of the supreme authority, which, I assure you, I will only use to restore peace and prosperity to France. You may be persuaded of my eagerness to do every thing that may be personally agreeable to yourself, as well as to your friends. We are going to the council of ancients.'

' The reply of General Bernadotte to this address, is reported by the same officer to have been, ' This then, traitor, is the result of all your brilliant promises, you wish to destroy the republic, to establish yourself the tyrant of France. You shall not commit this horrible crime until you have deprived the country of one of its most intrepid defenders—be on your guard.' Buonaparte on this opened the door of his saloon in which were assembled more than fifty general and staff officers.'

' I have the best authority in stating, that General Bernadotte totally disagreed in the proceedings of the 18th Brumaire : he informed Buonaparte that if the Directory should nominate him to fill any public post of importance, he should immediately exercise his power

in opposing the schemes Buonaparte had communicated to him, but that as an individual he perceived it would be fruitless, and he should therefore retire from Paris. The directory actually nominated General Bernadotte military governor and commandant of Paris : but, Buonaparte, sensible that he would carry his promise into effect, made every exertion and finally succeeded in having the appointment cancelled.

‘ Notwithstanding the disapprobation General Bernadotte expressed at the first proceedings of Buonaparte and on the events of the 18th Brumaire, he very shortly afterwards accepted the high office of councillor of state, and in March 1800, the appointment of Commander-in-Chief of La Vendee and of the coast of Bretagne. He was deprived of his offices by the detection of a plot in which his aid-de-camp Marbot was concerned.

‘ A number of proclamations against Buonaparte, were seized by the police in the possession of Marbot, who was imprisoned as well as his accomplices, and the military command and councilorship taken from General Bernadotte.

‘ A reconciliation afterwards took place between the General and Buonaparte, and on the nomination of the latter Emperor of France, General Bernadotte was one of the first who signed the document. He is also reported to have made the following address to Buonaparte on this occasion.

‘ I thought for a long time, Sire, that France would not be happy under any but a republican form of government. To the hearty persuasion of the excellence of his paradox, your majesty must attribute the conduct I have pursued for more than three years. Enlightened by happy experience, feel much satisfaction in assuring you, that my illusions are entirely dissipated. I beg you to be persuaded of my eagerness to execute any measures that your majesty may prescribe for the good of the country. I moreover declare to you, as well as to all my friends here present, that I share the sentiments which General Murat has just delivered you in the name of the army, not politically and by word of mouth, but with heart and soul.’

We firmly believe, that Bonaparte was so fully acquainted with Bernadotte, that fearing the general's influence and talents might upset his ambition, he made every effort to cultivate the general's friendship. The latter's line of conduct however, as above recorded, is very paradoxical..... But it had this result. Bernadotte was rewarded by his elevation to the rank of Marshal of France, with the command of Hanover. And, eventually, to the dignity of Prince Royal of Sweden.

In this last situation, the eyes of all Europe has been upon him. Great expectations were formed of his active military talents. But, for a length of time, public opinion was in-

involved in doubt. Still he has justified expectation, and succeeding events have crowned his efforts with brilliant success.

The various bulletins issued by the Prince Royal of Sweden, are strongly characteristic of a highly gifted mind. They proclaim the spirit of adopted patriotism, in the language of a hero; and the memorable letter, addressed by the Prince Royal, in 1813, to the Emperor of France, will ever form a distinguished record of the valour and genius of the writer, as well as promising to prove the basis of restored property to Sweden.

In this letter, which will be found in the volume before us, he tells Bonaparte....that in politics, neither friendship nor hatred can weigh with the duties of a monarch. That the laws and privileges of nations should be equally dear to the sovereign and to the subject; and that, if in order to procure these inestimable interests, an individual is compelled to renounce old connections and family affections, the prince, who wishes to perform his duty, can never hesitate which course to adopt.

Having now, as we believe, given an impartial sketch of the memoirs before us, in obedience to our duty, and to our practice, it will behove to us notice a paragraph in Mr. Philippart's advertisement, at page xxi. which is a wanton and illiberal attack on this work. We shall transcribe the passage; not in anger, for, with us, scurrility will never produce any other sentiment, than that of contempt.

'It should however, be here noticed that one attack (and one only) on the Author's works, and that of the most scurrilous and violent description, appeared in that receptacle of abuse, the *Critical Review*, and to which he thought proper to reply through the medium of the *New Review*, but contrary to the advice of his friends, as the malevolence of the attack was too evident to obtain for it any other from the public than the feeling it merited; nevertheless, it may, perhaps, be necessary for the Author to state, that the article alluded to was written by a person out of pique to him, for having refused the insertion of some statements sent for a military work, over which he, the Author, has some control, and to which statements he decidedly objected, not from any ill-will to the writer of them, but on account of the malevolence of the papers, and the injury the work in question might sustain from their introduction.'

We have a proverb to say, 'that those who live in glass houses, should never throw stones,' and, we are of

opinion, that Mr. Philippart, should have confined the acrimony of his disposition, to the person with whom he appears to have been on bad terms, and not to have vented them indiscriminately on a work, which neither courts his good will, nor deprecates his ill-will.

GENTLEMEN, at all events, are habitually dignified in resentment.

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ART. IX.—*Journal of a Voyage in 1811-12, to Madras and China returning by the Cape of Good Hope and St. Helena, in the H. C. S. the Hope, Capt. James Pendergrass. By James Wathen. Quarto. pp. 246. Black and Parry. 1814.*

As this volume is offered to the public in no other point of view, than as the journal of a tourist, it remains with us to say, that the memorandums are those of an observant, intelligent mind; and that the language in which they are written, is sprightly, flowing, and entertaining.

There is, however, peculiar novelty in this publication.... for the adventurer, who thus minutes his travels, undertook his long and hazardous voyage without any stimulus from interest, or prospect, beyond that of the indulgence of his curiosity. Disappointed in making a tour of the continent, he solicited, and obtained, permission of the honourable the East India Company, to accompany his friend, Captain Pendergrass, on his voyage to India.

Antiquities and scenery having much occupied his research, and employed his talents, during the hey-day of life, he formed the romantic wish of exploring the architecture of the East; of visiting the temples, pagodas, and other splendid edifices; and of conveying to the public, through the medium of his faithful pencil, the origin, form, structure, decoration, &c. of these costly antiquities.

This volume is illustrated with twenty-four coloured prints, from drawings taken on the spot, and seem to strengthen the opinion we have always entertained, of the early residence of the arts and sciences among the natives of India, who might have enlightened the world, had not the tyranny of priestcraft kept them perpetually in the dark. We find an anecdote in this work, which may be confirmed by many others, from different persons, who have written on the mythology, religion, laws, and history, of the Hindus; describing the voluntary punishment of two young bramins, who had for-



feited their cast. After the preparatory ceremony, our author states,—

‘At the appointed time the offenders mounted the platforms, attended by two reverend priests and an executioner. The iron hooks were lowered down from the ends of the Bamboos, and the offenders, divested of all clothing, lay on their faces, and voluntarily submitted to the insertion of the hooks into the fleshy muscle of the back, parallel with the vertibræ, a little below the shoulders.

‘The executioner, then, by means of pulleys, drew the sufferers to a considerable height above the stage, where they continued swinging in a horizontal position for half an hour, during which they never uttered a cry or groan.

‘When they had been suspended the time prescribed by their institutes, they were released, among the shouts of many thousands, who were witnesses of their heroic suffering. They were congratulated by their friends and relatives and restored to their cast, in the presence of 6000 spectators, fireworks and other rejoicings.’

It requires, notwithstanding, a more than ordinary portion of faith, to believe that torture, such as we have described, should be suffered voluntarily. But all doubt must vanish, when it is understood, that the loss of a cast, among the Hindus, is infinitely worse than the loss of life.

The tribes or casts of the Hindus are four: the Bramin, the Khatry, the Bhyze, and the Zoodera; and they hold distinct ranks in society: the bramin being greatly superior to the others, because created from the head of Brama.

Sir William Jones says—‘The learned Hindus acknowledge only one supreme being, whom they call Brahm, or the Great One, in the neuter gender. They believe his essence to be infinitely removed from the comprehension of any mind but his own, and they suppose him to manifest his power by the operation of his divine spirit.’

But, although the Hindus acknowledge one supreme being, they worship an endless train of inferior deities, whom they regard as inferior deities, entirely subject to the will of the supreme being, who is equally king of gods and men.

The fixed principle in the mind of a Hindu, is, that he derives his cast from the creation; insomuch, that no political changes, convulsions, or conquests, have hitherto had power to dissolve the chain of adamant with which the prejudice of man, in Hindustan, is fettered to ignorance and to superstition.

‘These unfortunate persons who are deprived of their cast, as a punishment for certain offences, form a distinct class of the Hindus,

and are called *chandalas* or *pariars*. They are held in such abhorrence by all the other casts, that it is pollution to touch them even by accident. In such a case, the person defiled by such contact must wash himself, and change his raiment. Nay, a Hindu would refrain from the productions of the earth, if he knew they had been cultivated by a *Pariar*.

'A *Pariar*, cannot enter a temple, or be present at any religious ceremony. He is not permitted to serve in any employment; and has, in fact, no rank in society. The loss of cast is, therefore, more terrible than death, as its consequences are supposed to extend to another state of existence.'

When, or how, continues our author, the population of a country so extensive was divided into casts, cannot now be conjectured; the origin is lost in the remoteness of antiquity.

This being the fact, how shall we class the talents of the man who conceived and established the grand machinery by which the minds and faculties of the human race are rendered mechanically subservient to the purposes of priestcraft!

To such a politician, Machiavel was a mere puppet!

This, then, is the baneful institution that has arrested the progress of the arts and sciences, which, otherwise, would have flourished throughout India. To this institution are immediately attributable the want of invention and emulation. Genius is strangled in the cradle; and, aided by the religious doctrine of the metempsychosis, not only the body, but the very soul of the Hindu is enslaved. The following opinions well deserve attention.

'Let those enlightened men direct their political and moral powers towards a gradual but certain annihilation of the system of casts among the Hindus, and they will deserve and have the eternal gratitude of millions yet unborn.

'Giving encouragement and employ to the *pariars*, or outcasts, and treating them with friendship and consideration, might perhaps, in process of time, raise their spirits, and swell their numbers into importance, lessening their dread of disgrace, and induce many to embrace the doctrines of christianity.

'Above all things, educating their children in the christian religion, would sow the seeds of a salutary reform in the mind, and would, in time, enlighten the understanding—destroy ancient prejudices, and effect the change so desirable in the natural and moral condition of the population of Hindostan.'

Another greatly to be deplored evil, is, the still existing ceremony of the funeral pile. On some occasions the British government have prevailed, and saved the victim from self-immolation; but in others, their interference has been altogether unsuccessful. Our author records the following dreadful instance from Berner's Tracts.

'I ran, instantly, to the spot, which was on the bank of a large tank. The tank was almost dry; and within it a deep ditch was dug, in which wood was piled; and in the wood a dead body was laid, ready to be consumed. A woman, who appeared to me, handsome and well made, sat on the pile close to the body. Four or five bramins set fire to the wood on all sides. I observed four or five young women, of a very prepossessing appearance, who, holding each other by the hand, sung and danced round the fire. A great number of persons of both sexes, attended as spectators.

'The pile was, almost instantly, in a blaze, on account of the oil and tallow which was thrown upon the wood. I perceived the flame lay hold of the dress of the woman, which was also sprinkled with oil, and scented with the powder of sandal wood and saffron. I, at this moment, could see the woman's countenance across the flames, and she did not seem to betray the least fear, or sense of pain. On the contrary, those who were nearest to the pile, said that they heard her pronounce, with much force and emphasis, those two words—*five—two*;—by which she meant to express, according to certain particular opinions, entertained by the believers in the doctrine of the metaphysics, that it was for the *fifth* time she was now burning herself with her husband, and that there remained, but *two* more such sacrifices to arrive at *perfection*—as if she had, at that moment, the remembrance of her former existence, and prophetic now of the future.

'But this infernal tragedy did not end here. I had conceived that the singing and dancing of the five females was an usual part of the ceremonies used upon these occasions; but what was my astonishment, when I saw the dress of one of them caught by the flame! She immediately quitted the hand of her companions, and precipitated herself, head foremost into the fire. In a short time, another of them, enveloped in flame and smoke, threw herself into the burning ditch. The three survivors continued dancing and singing without any fear or concern, and to my amazement and horror, underwent, voluntarily, the same fate as their companions.'

The latter five, were slaves, who, in order to cheer their mistress at the unnatural sacrifice, had pledged themselves to burn with her.

Persons are divided in opinion, as to the motives of women who burn themselves with their deceased husband. Some imagine it to be a principle of devotional attach-

ment to the deceased ; but the latter reason, is a predisposition in the mind. Mothers, infatuated from their youth, with this superstition, teach their daughters that it is most virtuous...most praiseworthy, and indeed unavoidable to a woman of honor.

We will extract two anecdotes from this agreeable work, to confirm the heroism of the Indian character. We have shewn to what elevation of courage, religion will lead either sex. Let us see the operation of intuitive honor in their untutored mind.

‘ An Englishman, while on a hunting party, hastily struck a Peon, for improperly letting loose a greyhound. The Peon happened to be a Rajahpoot, which is the highest tribe of Hindu soldiers.

‘ But, again, composing himself, and looking steadily at his master, he said,—‘ I am your servant, and have long eat your rice.’—Having pronounced these words, he plunged the dagger in his own bosom.”

The action spoke volumes....he could not, a moment, survive his dishonour.

The other anecdote relates, that, ‘ some sepoys, in the British service, being condemned to death, on account of a mutiny, it was ordered, that they should be blown off from a canon in the front of the army.

‘ Some of the offenders being grenadiers, on seeing others who were not led forth to suffer before them, called out—“ As we have generally shewn the way on services of danger, why should we be denied that distinction now ?”

‘ They walked towards the guns with firmness and composure—requested to be spared the indignity of being tied—and placing their breasts to the muzzles of the cannon, were shot away. Several were condemned ; but the behaviour of these heroic sufferers, pleaded so strongly with the commanding officer, that the others were pardoned.”

To persons about to undertake an Indian voyage, this journal would be a valuable source of entertainment ; and to every reader, indeed, it must prove a pleasant companion. All the little adventures of the voyage—those of the author’s visits throughout Madras—the familiar scenes of his tour into the interior of that presidency, are, all, pleasingly detailed ; as well as the scenery, manners, customs, &c. of the inhabitants of every degree. Our author closes with an interesting picture of the Chinese, the principal features of which are illustrated by beautiful engravings.

Among the peculiarities of Canton, we notice his remarks, on its streets of inhabited boats upon the river Tigris: Some of these aquatic dwellings, he tells us, are inhabited by two or three families, each possessing a cock and a hen, and a dog and a cat. The number of persons thus living afloat, is estimated at fifty thousand.

The Chinese are passionately devoted to theatrical representations, whether of tragedy, comedy, or pantomime. The plot of one of the stock pieces of the Pekin players is related from Mr. Barrow's embassy to China.

'A woman being tempted to murder her husband, performs the act while he is asleep, by striking a small hatchet into his forehead. He appears on the stage, with a large gash just above his eyes, out of which issues a profusion of blood—reels about, for some time, bemoaning his lamentable fate in a song, till, exhausted by loss of blood, he falls and dies. The woman is seized, brought before a magistrate, and condemned to be flayed alive. The sentence is put into execution; and, in the following act, she appears upon the stage not only naked, but completely excoriated.

'To account for this, we must add, that the thin wrapper with which the creature (an eunuch) is covered, who sustains this part, is stretched so tight about the body, and is so well painted, as to represent the disgusting object of a human being deprived of its skin; and, in this condition, the character sings, or whines for nearly half an hour on the stage.'

The knavery of the Chinese is proverbial.

ART. 10.—*The Doctrines of Chances*; or the Theory of Gaming made easy to all Persons acquainted with common Arithmetic, so as to enable them to calculate the probabilities of Events, in Lotteries, Cards, Horse-racing, Dice, &c. With Tables on Chance. Never before published; which, from mere inspection, will solve a great variety of questions. By Wm. Rouse. Octavo. pp. 350. 15s. Lackington and Co. 1814.

WE rarely meet with a book so elegantly printed, and with such fine paper, as the volume before us; but we presume the *fashion* of the subject, rather than the *morality*, will stamp its *importance* with our male and female *haut-ton*; and this the author, as a man of the world, has anticipated by the garb in which he clothes the most deformed of all the vices.

CRIT. REV. Vol. 6, September, 1814. Y



In our opinion, gaming is defined in the following Latin line :—

‘*Alieni appetens—sui profusus.*’

as truly and as clearly as language can define a subject; but the preface before us, is more copious and erudite. It says,

‘Gaming is said to have been invented by the Lydians, when under the pressure of great famine : to divert themselves from their sufferings, they contrived dice, balls, tables, &c. It is a passion that pervades all ages, and all ranks in society, and seems to originate in avarice, as being an easy and quick road to riches; for, to use the language of the *Rambler*, ‘wealth is the general centre of inclination: whatever is the ultimate design, the immediate care is to be rich. No desire can be formed, which riches do not assist to gratify. They may be considered as the elementary principles of pleasure, which may be combined with endless diversity. There are nearer ways to profit, than up the steep of labour. The prospect of gaining speedily what is ardently desired, has so far prevailed upon the passions of mankind, that the peace of life is destroyed by a general and incessant struggle for riches. It is observed of gold, by an old epigrammatist, that, *to have it is to be in fear, and, to want it, is to be in sorrow.* There is no condition which is not disquieted either with the care of gaining or of keeping money.’

‘This universal passion for riches is finely shown, by Ben Jonson, in the *Alchymist*, to be the same motive of action in the puritan, the epicure, the gamester, and the trader. No prospect of speedy wealth could be so tempting to folly, as the discovery of the philosopher’s stone: even the most successful gamester was laughed at, as being the tedious drudge and sluggard in the road to riches, compared to him who had the philosopher’s stone in view, which

‘Shall rain into thy lap no shower,  
But floods of gold,—whole cataracts,—a deluge.’

‘It is no wonder, that so many persons, in different ages and countries, should have sought with anxious eagerness after such a *precious stone*. Gibbon, speaking of alchymy, says, ‘the conquest of Egypt by the Arabs diffused that vain science over the globe. Congenial to the avarice of the human heart, it was studied in China, as in Europe, with equal eagerness, and equal success.’

‘The following remarks on alchymists are from the *Curiosities of Literature*.

‘Elias Ashmole writes in his diary, May 13th, 1653, my father, Backhouse (an astrologer, who had adopted him for his son, a common practice with these men), being sick, in Fleet-street, over against St. Dunstan’s church, and not knowing whether he should live or die, about eleven of the clock, told me in *syllables* the true matter of the *philosopher’s stone*, which he bequeathed to me as a legacy.’ By this

we learn, that a miserable wretch *knew* the art of making gold, yet always lived a beggar.

‘ Our Henry VI. attempted to recruit his empty coffers by *Alchymy*. The record of this singular proposition contains “the most solemn and serious account of the feasibility and virtues of the *philosopher’s stone*; encouraging the search after it, and dispensing with all statutes and prohibitions to the contrary.”

‘ After this patent was published, many promised to answer the king’s expectations so effectually, that the next year he published another patent, wherein he tells his subjects, that the *happy hour* was drawing nigh; and by means of THE STONE, which he should soon be master of, he would *pay all the debts of the nation in real gold and silver*. The persons chosen for his new operators were: Thomas Hervey, an Austin friar; Robert Glasely, a preaching friar, William Atcliffe, the queen’s physician; Henry Sharpe, master of St. Laurence Pontigny College, London; Thomas Cook, alderman of London; John Fyld, fishmonger; John Yonghe, grocer; Robert Gayton, grocer; John Sturgeon and John Lambert, mereers, London.

‘ This Patent was likewise granted, *Authortate Parliamenti*.

‘ Prynne, who has given this patent in his *Aurum Regina*, concludes with this sarcastic observation: *A project never so seasonable and necessary as now!*”

‘ This remark will be echoed by politicians of the present hour!!

‘ Alchymists were formerly called *Multipliers*, as appears from a statute of Henry IV. repealed in the preceding record. The statute being extremely short, I give it for the reader’s satisfaction.

‘ “None, from henceforth, shall use to *multiply* gold or silver, or use the craft of *multiplication*; and, if any the same do, he shall incur the pain of felony.

‘ “Although many have been within *reach* of it, and some have nearly touched it, yet, none have been able to hold it long enough to say,

“ I am the Lord of the philosopher’s stone.”

‘ But as

“ All the works

“ Are flown in fumo.”

‘ There is another inestimable gem, of nearly equal value in the production of riches, which is desired by all, sought after by many, and has been *actually found* by more persons than there are saints in the Romish, or gods in the heathen calendar; that is *LUCK*. It is true, a set of needy fellows, called mathematicians, laugh at it; but laughter is not logic; and they are as likely to be actuated by envy, as any other set of beings: and, as the fox did with the grapes, speak ill of what he could not obtain. Ask these mathematicians, how it happens, that one man shall get a £20,000 prize, and his neighbour a blank? They tell you, it is *chance*, (which is “*Direction that we cannot see,*” any more than *Fortune*, who is blind, can distinguish right from wrong)—that there is a *necessity* for a prize to fall some-

where; and, that he who has the most *chances*, is the most likely to obtain it. But the advocates for luck say, that although *Fortune* be blind, she is guided by *instinct*, and, "in this, 'tis God directs," whilst the dull, slow-moving, poverty-like direction of *reason* is left to *man*, which seems only fit for the mathematicians' *rule*, or the philosophers' *chain*. We should judge of men and things as we find them. Now, look to the lives of these very philosophers and mathematicians, who would direct ours; 'tis true, they have art and cunning enough to avoid the seduction of *mis-take*; but we see them too often with *mis-chance* and *mis-fortune*, to think *their* advice worth following.'

Having thus prefaced his subject, our author proceeds to state, that a knowledge of calculations may always prevent, or, at least, lessen the fatal consequences of gaming; and this is his argument....when a man possesses means to convince himself that he is gaming to a disadvantage, he will, most likely, be induced to leave off; or, at all events, to seek his amusement on terms of equality. Hence, a knowledge of the doctrine of chances will be of some advantage to him.

This treatise, therefore, is woven into a science as abstruse as that of Euclid, and defineable by progressive problems as difficult to the novice as the *pons asinorum*, and the calculator shows, with very profound reasoning, that the sciences are not human inventions. Every science, has for its base, a system of principles as fixed and unalterable as those by which the universe is regulated and governed.

Of this doctrine, so speciously arranged, we shall take an enlarged notice in our next number.

[To be continued.]

## MONTHLY CATALOGUE.

### THEOLOGY.

ART. 11.—*A Sermon* preached at the cathedral church of Saint Paul, London, before his Royal Highness the Prince Regent and both houses of Parliament, on Thursday, July 7, 1814, being the day appointed for a general Thanksgiving. By Guy Henry Law, D.D. F. R. S. Lord Bishop of Chester. Published by command. Quarto. pp. 27. 2s. 6d. Rodwell, 1814.

THE object of this sermon is to shew that we have fought—and fought gloriously—not to enlarge our dominions; but to protect and

restore the territories of others : not to enslave mankind ; but to break the fetters of tyranny and injustice.

The desolations of war being succeeded by the triumphs of peace, we are taught, that the Father of all mercies, after accomplishing the moral purposes for which his scourge was sent on earth, is now healing the wound of a bleeding world. With God, alone, are the destinies of man ; and unless we supplicate and obtain the Divine protection, vain will be our wrath—our arms. Without the devotion of the heart, a national thanksgiving becomes an insult to the Majesty of heaven.

\* And can we reflect on these events, and yet doubt that God interposes and overrules in the affairs of the world ? Can we receive such blessings and not exclaim, " This was the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes." With wisdom then, and with piety, has this Day of Thanksgiving been ordained, that we may offer up our united and devoutest praises to the Disposer of all things, that we may laud and magnify his holy name. A spectacle more awful or more gratifying than the present, the mind of man cannot conceive. Our views are raised beyond this sublunary sphere, when we behold the prince, the senators, and people of the land, assembled together in this venerable sanctuary, and recollect, that at this same time every labour and employment is suspended throughout the realm, that all the inhabitants, may with one voice, and at one instant, praise the Lord for his goodness, and declare the wonders that he doeth for the children of men. And never was there an occasion more worthy of such a solemnity, nor which more imperiously demanded it. Blind indeed must we be, or ungrateful, if we do not acknowledge, that we are, and long have been, favoured among nations. Can any one consider what is, and what might have been our situation, without the most thorough conviction, that the Lord has dealt graciously with us. A gulph was open before us. Our religion, our laws, our liberties, our existence as an independent nation—all were trembling on its brink. The unwearied efforts of a formidable and exasperated enemy were directed against the remaining bulwark of Europe. In our ruin he anticipated his own security—in our debasement, the universal subjugation of mankind. But, praised be God's holy name, all these evils have been averted from us. Whilst war has inflicted on other countries cruelties and misery which the feeling heart sickens to contemplate—whilst they have seen their fields ravaged, their capitols plundered or overthrown, scarcely has the foot of an enemy polluted the British shore. Whilst they have been suffering from the destruction of their manufactures, or the annihilation of trade, all the commerce of the world has flowed into our ports.

Such is the outline of this most excellent oration ; which, in truth, greatly surpasseth all our expectation.

We were prepared, by the title page, to find a *mere* sermon preached by a bishop to a prince and his parliament, The preacher flattering his auditory; the auditory flattering the preacher—a sort of natural nicknackerie of court etiquette. But this is a discourse dignified in sentiment—elegant in composition—religious, moral, impressive, in all its scriptural conclusions.

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ART. 12.—*Evangelical Christianity considered*, and shewn to be synonymous with Unitarianism, in a course of lectures on some of the most controverted points of christian doctrine, addressed to Trinitarians. By John Mundy, one of the ministers of the congregation assembling in the chapel in Cross-street, Manchester. 2 vol. 8vo. Pp. 514, 552. Eaton. 1814.

THESE volumes embrace the following subjects. The unity of God. . . explanation of the trinity. . . existence of the deist. . . distinct existence and personality of the holy spirit. . . the deity of Jesus Christ. . . the humanity of Jesus Christ. These subjects are divided into lectures, argued with great zeal.

The author is very laborious in his scriptural researches, and quotes nine hundred passages to *prove* the unity of God. His labours are extremely prolix, and abstruse almost to incomprehensibility. On the fallacy of the Trinity, he asserts,

- The Father is a divine person.
- The Son is a divine person.
- The Holy Spirit is a divine person.
- Therefore there must be *three* divine persons.\*

Trinitarians do not believe three Gods, but only one God. It is true, they firmly believe, that there are three persons in one divine essence; and yet these three persons are not **THREE**, but **ONE** God. This belief transcends the weakness of our faculties, most assuredly, nevertheless it is so revealed to us by scripture. . . and God has enjoined us to believe a trinity of persons in one divine essence, which we call Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Those who love religious controversy must read the work, we cannot enlarge the subject.

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ART. 13.—*Rural Discourses.* By William Clayton. 2 vols. 12mo. pp. 41, 40. Black and Parry, 1814.

Our author says, his object, in these volumes, is to preach the gospel, not with the wisdom of words, lest the cross of Christ should be made of none effect.



‘In reference to the sentiments he has advanced, he has no apology to offer. Convinced of their indubitable truth and essential importance, he has endeavoured to give “a certain sound:” and viewing them as established by scripture and confirmed by experience, he has only to say—“What I have written, I have written”—not so confidently can the writer speak of the motives, which have urged the publication, or the feelings with which he anticipates its reception. These have been so truly mixed and human, that he feels conscious that without shedding of blood, there is no remission; so that he desires to sprinkle the blood of atonement, not only on this book, but on all the vessels of his ministry.’

This short extract will, we presume, speak more clearly as to the spirit of the work and the author, than any opinion from us, however laboured. We prefer the sense, to the fanaticism, of religion.

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ART. 14.—*The Proofs of Christianity.* pp. 48. Mawman, 1814.

THIS little treatise is admirably calculated to promote the general cause of Christianity. It is plain, simple, and comprehensive, under the form of question and answer. It is not merely adapted to enlighten the unlettered, it will materially instruct the polished scholar.

Religion is not among the studies, to be explained and understood by any prevailing system of general education. The church service—a Latin grace after meals—the repetition of the commandments, the belief, and the Lord’s prayer, form a routine of mechanical duties; but we doubt, extremely, whether the most simple questions, in this little book, would not puzzle the best classical scholar at Westminster or Eton—and, whether the most accomplished amateur figurante in the circle of our nobility, or the most scientific right honourable musician, sculptor, or botanist, would understand this question.

‘What are the advantages of Christianity?’

This is the author’s solution.

‘In the first place, it furnishes us with the most powerful motive to virtuous exertion, which naturally and generally, lead to reputation, health, and competence. Secondly, it assuages the pangs of sickness and misfortune, by a firm confidence in the merciful dispensation of Providence, and an intimate conviction, that sufferings, in this life, are so many earnest of happiness in the next. Thirdly, it banishes the doubts that perplex the mind of the unbeliever, and the fears and anxiety about futurity. Fourthly, it dispels the horrible gloom which death throws over human life, and represents this earth, not as the grave of its inhabitants, but as the nursery of intellectual beings, where we are to learn the rudiments of existence, and by deeds of virtue, to qualify ourselves for that happiness which the common Father designs for the immortal inheritance of all his rational creatures.

And, finally, that, since on the one side—all is fear and danger; and, on the other, all is hope and security—it would be the utmost infatuation, not to adhere firmly and decidedly to the latter?

**ART. 15.**—*British Pulpit Eloquence*; a selection of Sermons, in chronological order, from the works of the most eminent divines of Great Britain, during the 17th and 18th century, With biographical and critical notes. Octavo. pp 470. Gale and Co. 1814.

THE editor tells us, from Dr. Johnson, that, ‘Our own language has, from the time of the reformation to the present time, been chiefly dignified and adorned by the works of our divines.’

These memoirs begin with the life of Mr. Richard Hooker, born 1553. The biography shews us the policy of the times, and is followed by a discourse, at some length, on pride. Several other subjects are treated in the same way with a view to inspire candidates for the ministry, with the laudable ambition of excelling in their high profession, or of pointing out to them the true road to distinction.

We believe this to be an original publication, and to be compiled with very pure intentions. It may be read with advantage by all religiously disposed people.

**ART. 16.**—*A Sermon* preached at Blandford, at the visitation of the Lord Bishop of Bristol, Aug. 20, 1813; and at Knaresborough at the primary visitation of the Lord Bishop of Chester, Aug. 1, 1814. By the Rev. Samuel Clapham, A.M. Rector of Gussage, St. Michael, Dorset; Vicar of Christchurch, Hants; and of Great Ouseborne, Yorkshire. pp. 23. 1s. Longman and Co. 1814.

IF this gentleman be not quite so *divine* a preacher as some who attend the neighbourhood of our metropolitan squares, to sanctify the thoughts and purify the wishes of a gay croud of flippant rank, beauty, and fashion, he is not without his claims on the applause of any sober understandings; and these are the exemplary sentiments on which our admiration dwells.

He says,

‘The first thing that occurs, is the effect intended by the divine institution, which is nothing less than the salvation of all committed to our care. A most awful consideration!—To enlighten their uninformed minds; to give them clear and distinct ideas of the system of Christianity; to conduct them between the perilous extremes of enthusiasm and infidelity, into the road that leads to happiness and heaven: this my brethren—this, is the noble, and the principal object we are required to have in view.’

To this we say—AMEN.

## POETRY.

ART. 17.—*France*; a heroic poem. By Hamilton Roche, Esq. late a captain of light infantry in the British service, author of the heroic poem on Russia; the poem of Salamanca; the Sudburiad, or poems from the cottage; Letters from North America, &c. Budd. 1814.

WE have perfect pleasure in congratulating a retired officer, on the illustrious patronage which fosters his muse. The subject glows with the enthusiasm of a soldier, who, as he says, in his *Salamanca*, is inspired by the theme of glory.

‘ Shall he, whose god-like vict’ries far exceed,  
The boasted glory of the Greek and Swede;  
Who, more than Cæsar, with a brighter ray,  
Ascends, and shines imperial France away:  
Shall he through ages spread his mighty name,  
Without one verse to wait upon his fame?  
Has Britain lost her spirit, soul, and fire,  
Has she no patriot left to touch the lyre?  
Yes! while I live, such deeds shall loud resound,  
And claim just tribute from the world around.  
What though I mingle with the lowly throng,  
The least, the humblest, of the sons of song:  
Thy God-like deeds shall bid my soul to glow,  
My pulse to kindle, and my vein to flow;  
Exalt my spirit, animate my line,  
And aid my numbers with the strength of Nine.’

The poem is descriptive, and complimentary to the continental heroes. We particularly admire the two following lines, part of the author’s panegyric on the illustrious Wellington.

‘ Matchless, alike, in council and in field,  
Napoleon’s *fortunes* to thy genius yield.’

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ART. 18.—*Odes to his royal highness the Prince Regent, his imperial majesty the Emperor of Russia, and his majesty the King of Prussia.* By Robert Southey, Esq. poet Laureat. Quarto. Pp. 32. Longman and Co. 1814.

THIS is precisely the style of poem every one would expect from the sleek muse of a pensioned poet.

ART. 19.—*Terrors of Imagination*, and other poems. By John Williams Smith. 12mo. Pp. 143. Cradock and Co. 1814.

WE have read these poems with great satisfaction. The author, although a young poet, has a pleasing genius. The subjects of his *Terrors of Imagination* are well chosen, and powerfully described. His moral is excellent; and we can compliment him, without flattery, on his apostrophe to a bullet: but we are little disposed to approve his want, either of taste or of candour ('on Drury-lane Addresses'), in ridiculing the opening of that theatre. His flippant lines close thus.

'While rival poets on their own fame counted,  
The lordling squall'd, and all were disappointed.'

There is some humour in the satire which pervades the whole of these lines, but we would not advise the author to aim at building his own fame on so invidious a foundation. My Lord Byron has established his reputation as a poet.

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ART. 20.—*The Mēgha Dhūta*; or Cloud Messenger; a poem, in the Sanscrit language. By Cālidāsā. Translated into English verse, with notes and illustrations, by Horace Hayman Wilson, assistant surgeon in the service of the honourable East-India Company, and secretary to the Asiatic society. Octavo. Pp. 175. Black and Co. 1814.

THIS translation is published under the sanction of the college of Fort William, one of the proud memorials of Marquis Wellesley's administration in India. The late Sir William Jones was, we believe, one of the first and most successful in exploring the antiquity of the Sanscrit language, which has since become a general study in India. Not to enter into any history of this language, much less into the sciences of the Hindus, so celebrated by antiquity, we confine ourselves to that portion of heathen mythology, to which this poem owes its birth.

'A Yacsha, or demigod so called, and a servant of the Hindu god of wealth, Cuvēra, had incurred the displeasure of his lord, by neglecting a garden entrusted to his charge, and allowing it to be injured by the entrance of Airāvata, the elephant of Indra, deity of the firmament: as a punishment for his offence, he was condemned to twelve months banishment from Alaca, the city of the Yacshas, and consequent separation from his home and wife. The seat of his exile is the mountain Rāmagiri, and upon the opening of the poem, he is supposed to have passed a period of eight months in solitary seclusion. The poem opens at the commencement of the rainy season, when heavy clouds are gathering in the south, and proceeding in a northerly course, or towards the Himāla mountains, and the fic-

titious position of the residence of the Yacshas. To one of these, the distressed demigod addresses himself, and desires the cloud to waft his sorrows to a beloved and regretted wife. For this purpose, he first describes the rout the messenger is to pursue ; and this gives the poet an opportunity of alluding to the principal mountains, rivers, temples, &c. that are to be met with on the road from Rāmagiri to Oujein, and thence, nearly due north, to the Himālaya, or snowy mountains. The fabulous mountain Cailāsa, and the city of Cuvēra, Alaca, which are supposed to be in the central part of the snowy range, are next described, and we then come to the personal description of the Yacsha's wife. The Cloud is next instructed how to express the feelings and situation of the exile, and he is then dismissed from the presence of the deity, and the poem of Cālidāsa.

The Sanserit poets were full of natural feeling, and the fire of genius ; and although the drama of *Sacotala*, and the songs of *Jayadēva*, are only known to the English reader, from the prose translation of Sir William Jones. Still, under all this disadvantage, the European scholar cannot avoid feeling, that they abound in beautiful imagery ; and that their style, in general, is as full as it is sweet, as majestic as it is harmonious.

This translation has been honoured with very high commendation : in a discourse, delivered by my Lord Minto, to the students of the college of Fort William, in 1813, he dwelt on the merits of this work, holding it up to the emulation of the college. We shall offer extracts.

‘ These be thy guides ; and faithfully preserve  
The marks I give thee ; or e'en more, observe  
Where painted emblems holy wealth design,  
Cuvēra's treasures ; that abode is mine.  
Haply its honours are not now to boast,  
Dimm'd by my fate, and in my exile lost ;  
For when the sun withdraws his cheering rays,  
Faint are the charms the *Camala* displays.

‘ To those loved scenes repaired, that awful size,  
Like a young elephant, in haste disguise ;  
Lest terror seize my fair one, as thy form  
Hangs o'er the hillock, and portends the storm.  
Thence to the inner mansion bend thy sight,  
Diffusing round a mild and quivering light ;  
As when through evening shades soft flashes play,  
Where the bright fire-fly wings his glittering way.

‘ There in the fane a beauteous creature stands,  
The first best work of the Creator's hands :  
Whose slender limbs inadequately bear  
A full orb'd bosom, and a weight of care ;



Whose teeth like pearls, whose lips like *Bimbas* show,  
And fawn-like eyes still tremble as they glow.

‘Lone as the widowed *Chacraváci* mourns,  
Her faithful memory to her husband turns,  
And sad, and silent, shalt thou find my wife,  
Half of my soul, and partner of my life;  
Nipped by chill sorrow, as the flowers enfold  
Their shrinking petals from the withering cold.

‘I view her now! long weeping swells her eyes,  
And those dear lips are dried by parching sighs:  
Sad on her hand her pallid cheek declines,  
And half unseen, through veiling tresses shines;  
As when a darkling night the moon enshrouds,  
A few faint rays break straggling through the clouds.’

The notes are very humorous; but they are classical; and satisfy us that the talents of the translator are by no means limited.

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ART. 21.—*The Ruined Maiden*; a Poem. pp. 42. Mackenzie. Glasgow. 1814.

A beautiful, well educated girl, the very idol of her only parent—a father—yields to the seduction of a silver tongued libertine, who soon deserts her.

The wretched victim loses her senses; and her disconsolate father, during a midnight wandering through a tempest, discovers a lifeless body in the snow, recognizes his child, and dies.

It is a pathetic unoffending ditty, betraying neither poetry in design, nor poetry in execution; but it has many sentimental claims on the female subscribers to circulating libraries.

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ART. 22.—*The Exile*; a Poem from the Russian, translated from the Original MS. of the Author, who fell in the battle before Dresden. Illustrated with Geographical Notes. Dedicated to the Grand Duchess of Oldenburgh. Octavo. 5s. 6d. Souter. 1814.

This little tale is unfortunately christened; as the interest and beauty of Madame Cottin's *Exile of Siberia*, has influenced the public mind so favourably, on behalf of the fair Elizabeth, that a second *Exile* has little hope of being advanced to patronage.

The story is well told, but it wants incident to give it consequence. A Russian Boyar adopts the son of a deceased peasant, for whom he entertained a friendship. His lordship was at this time childless; but, shortly after, his lady presented him with a daughter. She only lived, however, to embrace her child, and to recommend her future

union with the adopted Alexis. The Boyar promises. The children are brought up with the avowed intention of being united; but, when they have attained an age to be sensible of their mutual and unalterable attachment to each other, the arrival of a noble stranger changes the scene: he induces the Boyar to Exile his favourite, for the purpose of weakening his daughter's hitherto approved affection, and of marrying her according to her rank.

The heroine true to her first love pines for her absent Alexis; till, being at the brink of the grave, her father resolves to restore his child, by recalling the object of her affections, and blessing their union.

But mercy came too late. The youth, more noble of spirit than of birth, seeks glory in the field of battle, and falls at the battle of Dresden, with the name of a hero.

'But how was the illprepared mind of Katharine to support the shock of this intelligence!—How was her tender frame, as yet but half restored, to bear a relapse of mind, that human nature, in all its powers, must have sunk under!—How was her father, bending beneath the weight of years and an accusing conscience!—How was he to stand, looking upon the lovely ruin of his house—ruined by him! How was he to stand—the last—the only prop of life gone—and gone thus! Reader, if thou hast nature, thou canst not err in drawing the conclusion. To thy hands I commit it.'

The poem is pathetic, but does not soar above the rhyming of an ordinary love sonnet.

We have read a Russian tale, by Karasmins, who wished to be esteemed a sentimental traveller, that recites the loves of the only daughter of a Russian Boyar, and the young Alexis; the similarity between that and this, however, does not go beyond the names.

## EDUCATION.

ART. 23.—*New Orthographical Exercises*, with the correct orthoëpy of every word, according to the most approved usage, for the use of foreigners, and schools in general. By Alexander Power, master of the commercial academy, Ashford, Kent. 12mo. Pp. 113. Law. 1814.

We cannot approve this system.

Foreigners, for whom these lessons are partly intended, will scarcely be enabled to profit by them, unless they can be first taught the correct articulation of the English alphabet. For instance, the exercises before us begin thus:

'*A gud ed-ju-ka-shun found-ed,*' &c. which would, we apprehend, be read by a Frenchman in this way—*aw gude ade-jouou-kaw-shoun fouound-ade*, &c.; and with respect to the English scholar, exercises, conveying sound, through the medium of false spelling, cannot fail to perplex the rules of orthography.

ART. 24.—*Three Dramas*, viz. the Ball Ticket, the Mysterious Packet, and the Heiress, or False Indulgence. Pp. 247. Rodwell. 1814.

THESE little dramas are very skilfully managed, and are calculated, pleasingly, to awaken the youthful mind to impressions of the most excellent and moral tendency.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

ART. 25.—*A Critical Analysis* on several striking and incongruous passages in Madame de Staël's works on Germany, with some historical accounts of that country. Octavo. Pp. 132. 7s. Leigh, 1814.

THIS is a very gentlemanly censure on the evident incongruities of Madame de Staël's Germany. The writer is a German, desirous to rescue the honour of his country from imputations it does not deserve. A foreign idiom is perceptible throughout his analysis; but it is, nevertheless, well written, and, what is better, his strictures are impartial.

The author boasts the honour of a personal acquaintance with Madame de Staël, whom he describes to have possessed brilliant sallies of vivid fancy. That it was impossible to meet with a more unassuming *bel esprit* than she appeared to be in society. That although distinguished by superior talent, she seemed more desirous of listening to the opinion of others, than of obtruding her own.

With all this prepossession, however, the perusal of the work in question has shewn our author that as an historian, this much to be admired *bel esprit* is peremptory as unwarrantable, in her strictures on the German character.

She asserts, that the nobility have no mental accomplishments—the military no courage—the merchants no good manners—and the learned no taste.

This is boldly throwing the gauntlet, which our author patriotically takes up, with all the polished courtesy of an accomplished knight; and the lady certainly is discomfited in the encounter.

We will convey a general idea of Madame de Staël's *inconsistency*, by a single comparison.

Vol. 3. p. 244. 'German naturalists describe society with a certain ignorance, which interests at first, but becomes monotonous at last.'

Vol. 1. p. 327. 'The Germans have the admirable talent to transport themselves to ages, countries, and characters, entirely different from their own.'

LIST OF BOOKS.

NOTE.—bd. signifies *bound*—h. bd. *half-bound*—ad. *sewed*. The rest are, with few exceptions, in boards. ed. signifies *edition*—n. ed. *new edition*.

ABRIDGEMENT (An) of the History of Rome, by Velleius-Paterculus, translated from the Original, by G. Baker, A.M. 8vo. 8s.

Analysis (An) arranged to serve also as a compendious digested Index of Mr. Fearn's Essay on Contingent Remainders and Executory Devises, and of Mr. Butler's Notes, by Richard Holmes Coote of Lincoln's Inn, roy. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

Biographical (The) Dictionary, vol. VII, 8vo. 12s.

Broughton's (Thomas Deur, Esq.) Selections from the Popular Poetry of the Hindoos, crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.

Bull's (Rev. J. M. A.) Poems and Translations, crown 8vo. 7s.

Christian's (Edward, of Gray's Inn, Esq.) Origin, Progress, and Present Practice of the Bankrupt Laws, vol. 2, 8vo. 11. 2s.

Classes (The) and Orders of the Linnean System of Botany, to be published in monthly parts, 6s. coloured, 4s. plain.

Clayton's (W.) Rural Discourses, 2 vols. 12mo. 4s.

Comparative (A) View of the Churches of Rome and England, by Herbert Marsh, D. D. F. R. S. 8vo. 7s. 6d.

Corasmin, or the Minister; a Romance, by the Author of the Swiss Emigrants, 3 vols. 12mo. 15s.

Dartmouth Parsonage, a Tale for Youth, 7s.

Duties (The) of Religion and Morality, as inculcated in the Holy Scriptures; adapted to the Perusal of Persons of every Religious Denomination. In 12mo. 2s. 6d. fine paper 3s. 6d. and in pot 8vo. 2s. 6d. bd. n. ed.

Duty, a Novel, by the late Mrs. Roberts, preceded by a Character of the Author, by Mrs. Opie, 3 vols. 12mo. 12s.

Essay (An) on Immortality, by the

Author of a Review of the first Principles of Bishop Berkley, Dr. Reid, and Professor Stewart, 8vo. 9s.

Faith (The) of the People called Quakers in our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ; extracted from the Writings of various Authors of that Religious Society, 12mo. 6d. or 5s. a dozen; fine paper 8d. or 6s. 6d. a dozen, n. ed.

Farr's Elements of Medical Jurisprudence, 2d. ed. 12mo. 8s.

Ferguson's Essay on the History of Civil Society, 7th ed. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

Garwood's short Introduction to History, suggested by Coghlan's System of Mnemonics, 3s.

Gillie's (Professor) Confessions of Sir Henry Longueville, a Novel, 3 vols. 12mo. 10s. 6d.

Greece, a Poem in three parts with Notes, &c. by W. Haygarth, 1 vol. £2 12s. 6d.

Historical Treatise of an action or suit at Law, and of the proceedings used in the Court of K. B. and C. P. from the original Process to Judgment. By R. Boote. The fifth ed. with considerable additions, by W. Ballantine, Esq. of the Inner Temple, Barrister at Law. 8vo. 9s. 6d.

History and Antiquities of the County of Surry; compiled from the best and most authentic Historians, valuable Records, and manuscripts in the public offices and libraries, and in Private Hands. Begun with the late Rev. Owen Manning, S.T. B. &c. Enlarged and continued to the year 1814, by William Bray, of Shire, in that County, Esq. Fellow and Treasurer of the society of Antiquaries of London. 3d vol. £5 5s.

History (The) of Essex, from the earliest period to the present time, with Biographical notices of the most distinguished and remarkable Natives by Elizabeth Ogburn, part I.

4to. price 15s.—royal 4to. price £1 1s.

Introduction (an) to the Study of Bibliography, by Thomas Hartwell Horne, 2 vols. 8vo. £1. 8s.

Letters from England by Don Manuel Alvarén Espriella translated from the Spanish, 3 vols. 12mo. 3d ed. 18s.

Lyson's *Magna Britannia* vol. 3. 4to £3. 15s. With views £6. 18s.

Marion of Drynnoch, a tale of Erin, by Matthew Welt Harbstone, 8vo. 7s.

Milford House or Folly as it Flies, by a late officer of the third guards, 3 vols 12mo. 18s.

Myers' Essay on improving the condition of the poor; including an attempt to answer in the important question, how men of landed property can most effectually contribute toward the general improvement of the lower classes of society on their estates, without diminishing the value of their own property; with Hints on the Means for employing those who are now discharged from his Majesty's Service: most respectfully dedicated to the land owners of the United Kingdom. 3s. 6d.

Ossian's Fingal, a Poem in six books rendered into versé, by George Hervey, 8vo. 10s.

Personal Narrative of Travels to the Equinoctial Regions of the New Continent, during the years 1799-1804, by Alexander de Humboldt and Aimé Bonpland, with maps, plans, &c. vols. 1 and 2. 8vo.

Piggot's common Prayer Book the instrument of conversion exemplified in the case of the late Thomas Royle, 12mo. 6d.

Practical View. (a) of Christian Education, in its early stages 12mo. 5s. sd.

Researches concerning the institutions and monuments of the ancient inhabitants of America, with descriptions and views of some of the most striking scenes in the Cordilleras, 2 vols. 8vo.

Ruined (the) Maiden a poem: 8vo. 2s.

Sermon (a) preached at the Cathedral Church of St. Paul, London, before His Royal Highness the Prince Regent, &c. on July. the 7th 1814, being the day appointed for a general Thanksgiving by the Lord Bp. of Chester 2s. 6d.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

The emulative spirit of two *Oxonians* is highly praise-worthy, and the Editor feels honoured in having the offer of their productions for this work, but he must rely on their liberality, as it will be impossible to insert *two* criticisms on *one* book, and, consequently, he must omit one, however faithful. He would suggest their incorporation, occasionally, and would feel happy in having their acquiescence.

X. P.'s interrogatories cannot be answered; some of them have caused inquiries to be made on our part, which have led to much useful information, that we are not at liberty to disclose.

PIETRO's remarks on the different Reviews, evince a knowledge of his subject, and we perfectly agree with him, that no Review ought to be the property of a bookseller, as that circumstance alone must be supposed to influence its decision on a work. We had before understood that the *Critical* was the only one exempt; but, till now, we were unacquainted with the names of the parties to whom they belonged. He must excuse our not inserting it.

Our *Paris* friend shall have his works noticed next month. They were not received till the middle of September.